THE

CRITICAL REVIEW;

OR,

ANNALS OF LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.

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SERIES THE THIRD.

VOL. VII.

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THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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ART. I.—*An Attempt to illustrate those Articles of the Church of England, which the Calvinists improperly consider as Calvinistical, in Eight Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford in the Year* 1804, *at the Lecture founded by J. Bampton, M. A. Canon of Salisbury. By Richard Laurence, LL. D. of University College.* 8vo. Rivingtons. 1805.

TO enumerate how often certain articles of the established confession of faith in the church of England, have been asserted to be Calvinistical, by what various descriptions of men, and with what inconsistent and contending views and affections, would be a long and difficult, though perhaps neither an unentertaining nor uninstructive employment. The frequency, however, of such an imputation is sufficiently notorious, and is all that we are required particularly to refer to on the present occasion.

Dr. Laurence, perhaps from a charitable desire to suppress occasions and provocations of disunion and displeasure, has been more anxious to reject the imputation, and to refute it as erroneous, than to compile a catalogue of the names and sayings of those single individuals, or collective bodies of men, who have given so much currency to the charge in question. The only reference which he has made is to a passage which of itself, as it arraigns the *honesty* of a great part of the clergy in very explicit terms, nothing short of the most satisfactory and incontrovertible evidence could possibly justify. (See P. 459.) But in Dr. Laurence's opinion, so far is this evidence from being palpable and obvious, that he is bold enough to affirm, that much has been written, and satisfactorily written, to prove, that the predestinarian system of Calvin is *totally inconsistent* with the doctrine of our articles; that it is *equally irreconcileable* with our liturgy and homilies; and that the private sentiments of our reformers were likewise inimical to it. To the concluding clause of this declaration, if we might be permitted to insert the word *princi-*

pal before '*reformers*,' we should fully and cordially accede. The two former are expressed in much too summary a way for our taste: nor are we prepared to be in them consenting and cheerful companions of Dr. L., unless he will allow us to understand his words as implying no more than that the predestinarian system of Calvin is not *contained in*, but is an unlovely and unsuitable *addition* to, the doctrine of our liturgy, articles, and homilies.

But besides the imputation of Calvinism on certain articles of our national creed, which are, or are usually supposed to be more or less allied to the predestinarian controversy, (page 4—5) the dispute, in process of time, has assumed additional characters, and passing within the pale of the church, on the one hand, it has been contended, in this intestine warfare, that our articles are consonant with the creed of Calvin; on the other, with that of Arminius. (P. 7, 8.)

If we understand Dr. Laurence rightly, those who maintain this latter opinion are, in his mind, not much nearer the truth than the advocates of the former. If we do not misinterpret him, it is Dr. L.'s opinion, that the whole controversy, at least under these appellations, is erroneous, extrinsical, and irrelative. The peculiar points in controversy between the Calvinists and Arminians are of a later date than the æra of our confessions; or if not of a later date, at least they were not so in the contemplation of our reformers, as to constitute any part of that doctrine which they prescribed for public consent and approbation. When therefore we look for the peculiar opinions referred to in those authoritative documents, we seek for what they were not intended to contain; and if we find our respective notions there, it is not so much through the aid of truth, as by the help of modern prejudices, as by affections heated, and a brain disturbed by the operations and influence of party-spirit and controversy.

How far we have unfolded fairly, or otherwise, the sentiments of Dr. Laurence, we are desirous that our readers should be enabled to judge for themselves, by the following passages, from which principally we have gathered the above estimate. Speaking of the contention between Calvinists and Arminians, he says,

'It is not my intention to follow this controverted question into particulars.' P. 8.

'With these points the elucidation which I propose, is by no means connected.' Ibid.

Of the tenth article it is said,

'Regardless, however, of its general construction, and directing

their attention solely to modern controversies, some have conjectured, that it is entirely Calvinistical; others, that it at least steers a middle course between the two extremes of Calvinism on one side, and Arminianism on the other. Although in these collateral topics, the discussion of which would lead me too far from the track proposed, I mean not to interfere; it may nevertheless be proper,' &c. P. 99.

And lastly,

'Upon a general review then of these articles (the 10th and 13th) we perceive, that both were solely framed with an eye to Romish error, and are in no respect connected with the Calvinistical controversy of free will, as the hinge upon which principally turns the doctrine of an absolute predestination.' P. 112, 113.

As our views on this subject coincide very much with those which we have attributed to Dr. Laurence, before we proceed further, we shall mention one fact which we have noticed in the controversy, as it is now conducted by the anti-calvinistical writers, for the purpose of remarking its correspondence with our own sentiments of right, and of exhorting them to a stedfast perseverance in the same. It is, that the writers to whom we refer, have of late (in opposition to what, according to Dr. Laurence's observation, has heretofore occasionally taken place,) we believe invariably disclaimed the name of Arminians; and surely they do so with very great reason. Shall it become the church of England, forgetting its ancient guides, instructors, and, patterns, forgetting the scriptures, forgetting her reverence to primitive antiquity, forgetting the labours and sufferings of her own illustrious martyrs and confessors, to turn her eyes and affections to, and borrow her name from an obscure Dutch professor, who was hardly born till the period of those labours and sufferings was over? Let her be branded with the name, with unwearied pertinacity; yet we trust that no provocation will induce her to adopt it from the mouths of her adversaries. The wise and temperate conduct which we here applaud and recommend, might afford a salutary lesson for the imitation of the opposite party; who by perpetually disclaiming, and by as often claiming the name of Calvinists, leave us in inextricable perplexity, and are themselves debtors in a great part of that responsibility which is undoubtedly ever incurred by the propagation of opprobrious appellations, and needless dissensions and subdivisions.

But if the articles in question be neither Calvinistical nor Arminian, the question returns upon us again, what are they? If we will hear Dr. Laurence, they are protestant against

popery, they are Lutheran against Romish and scholastical corruptions and superstitions. It is his judgment, that far from being framed according to the system of Calvin in preference to all others, they were modelled after the Lutheran, in opposition to the Romish tenets of the day. And he is of opinion, that instead of endeavouring to investigate and ascertain their design and meaning, by proceeding upwards through the long train of contending opinions in the reign of Elizabeth, a satisfactory and much better mode of illustration may be had, by advancing in a contrary order downwards, from the early struggles of Luther and the other German reformers, to the æra of their first compilation in the reign of King Edward.

Of the eight sermons contained in this volume, the first two are occupied in shewing that the *English reformation in general* was of a Lutheran tendency, and that the same tendency appears and prevails in the *articles collectively considered.* The remaining six are designed to establish the same conclusion with regard to those *particular* articles which are selected for Dr. Laurence's illustration, and in an attempt to declare and expound their precise objects and meaning.

The argument respecting the *general tendency* is grounded principally upon the following foundations:

From the first moment when the reformation began to make any progress in this country, we find a continual recurrence to the recent protestant establishment in Germany. An unceasing correspondence was maintained with their divines, and above all with the ever mild and amiable Melancthon. His advice was sought unremittingly, and his presence in this country was courted and importuned through a long succession of years, in the most urgent manner. In the actual reforms which took place, we trace without difficulty the principles and practices of the German churches. The Articles of 1536, the Institution of a Christian Man in the year following, and the Necessary Doctrine in 1543, all are testimonies of the general truth of this statement. In the reign of Edward this influence became still more apparent. The homilies bear a close resemblance to the doctrines of Melancthon: and when in the following year (1548), the church-services were to be reformed, next to the ancient liturgies, by far the greatest regard was paid to a Lutheran reformation book, which had been recently compiled or revised by Melancthon and Bucer.* The influence

* This work was translated into English, and published A.D. 1547, under the title 'A religious Consultation of Herman, Archbishop of Cologne,' &c. &c.

of Cranmer, it cannot be doubted, was pre-eminent in the English reformation. Nor can there be any greater doubt of the prevailing tendency of the sentiments of this illustrious man. His foreign embassies, his alliance with the sister of an eminent German reformer, his constant correspondences with that country, his selecting for the instruction of youth, and revising, translating, and publishing under his own name an extensive Lutheran catechism, in addition to the evidence which may be collected from his other writings, and from the works of public authority already enumerated, in the composition of all of which it is well known that he had a large share—evince sufficiently the required tendency. But now, Cranmer, though not the sole, was by far the principal compiler of the articles. Again, besides the inferences which might therefore be deduced from the known character and sentiments of Cranmer, the articles themselves in every form in which we meet with them, display a remarkable correspondence with the boast and pride of Lutherans, the celebrated Augsburg confession. Nor can it be said that the tide afterwards turned, and that a change took place in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, from the intercourse of our exiled countrymen with Genevan and Italian divines. For, whatever might be the case in this respect, with regard to the sentiments of individuals, the wisdom of the directors of the new establishment under that queen, effectually precluded the possibility of such an imputation upon the established doctrine, by adopting the confession of King Edward, with a few unimportant alterations; or, if the alterations be any where important, it is very observable, that they too are derived from another Lutheran document, the Wirtemburg confession.

In the course of this general argument, Dr. Laurence vindicates at great length and with much zeal, (but not to a greater extent or with more zeal than the importance of the subject, and the interests of truth have long ago demanded) the character, talents, and influence of Cranmer against the loose and ignorant reflections of Burnet. We read this part of the book with very great satisfaction and complacency; for we have often seen with regret and indignation how much injury has been done to the memory of that great man: and we are prepared to maintain, that Dr. Laurence has not in any one particular of his apology and eulogium overstepped the limits of strict truth and justice. He has also found opportunity to expose some other important mistakes of the Bishop, as well as some of less moment of the faithful and industrious Strype.

But, let us next inquire whether this general argument of Dr. Laurence be or be not liable to certain material objections. This reasoning, it may be said, proves indeed what the articles were; but will it equally shew what they were not? Let it be granted, that they were Lutheran against popery, is this sufficient to prove that they could not be Calvinistical? The *main object* of the reformation, no doubt, was the abolition of Romish corruptions. And was not Calvin as zealous against these as were Luther or Melancthon? Besides, did not Calvin, too, maintain a correspondence with Cranmer, and with the Protector? Were not Bucer and Martyr in actual possession of the theological chairs in our universities, to one of which Melancthon was only invited; and were not those men known advocates of the more rigid opinions? Were not Cranmer and Ridley the friends and patrons of the Italian Ochine, and the French Veron, men who were exceedingly zealous for the like doctrines?

These interrogatories we have taken the liberty to suggest, not because we do not think that they admit of a very satisfactory solution, but to lead our readers into a close and clearer understanding of the nature and properties of Dr. Laurence's argument, and to express our opinion, that it would have lost nothing, or rather would have been materially illustrated, had he expressly introduced these and similar objections to the contemplation of his hearers and readers in some such manner as is done above, and had shewn in a separate division of his scheme, in what manner they do or do not affect his principal reasonings.

It must not be supposed, however, that Dr. Laurence has not, even at present, supplied us with materials from which we may glean a sufficient solution of these apparent difficulties.

There was, pretty early, a very discernible discordance in sentiment between Melancthon and Calvin, on those points which respected the doctrine of predestination: nor is it difficult to determine to which side in this variance, the leading English reformers were disposed to incline. The very expressions of Melancthon, which were, no doubt, and were by Calvin understood to be, directed against himself, with others perhaps of similar opinions, were adopted by Hooper, a very eminent English reformer, and published as his own, in the important years 1548 and 1550. The correspondence with Calvin was only occasional and unfrequent, and was nothing more than was due in strict justice to his eminent services in the common contest against popery. He himself complains of his want of influence in

our proceedings, and betrays an evident dislike and dissatisfaction with their progress. The like complaints were made also by Bucer and Martyr. The respect paid to Ochine and Veron is sufficiently accounted for by their general attachment to the principles of the reformation, and needs no more explanation than that we should recall to mind, that 'the errors of the church of Rome were then almost the sole objects of religious altercation.' P. 45.

The desideratum which we regret in this general argument does still obtain, (though not perhaps in an equal degree,) when Dr. Laurence descends to the consideration of particular articles. We are never indeed left altogether without materials to shew as well what they were not, as what they were; but the former are seldom brought before us, so much as we could have desired, in the character of an important and principal part of the argument. They are left rather to be collected and made out from the notes by the industry and sagacity of the reader.

At the conclusion of the general argument on the prevailing Lutheran tendency of the English reformation, and in the English articles, the second sermon is closed, and the subjects to be examined in the remaining six are specified.

As we regard Dr. Laurence's work as of first-rate importance, we shall proceed further to display the nature and value of the instruction which it will convey, by an examination of the contents of the third sermon, which respects the doctrine of original sin.

The opinions of the schoolmen on this subject, which, according to Dr. Laurence, not only domineered in the schools, but prevailed also in the temple and the closet, are first stated in the following terms.

'Upon original sin, the subject of our present consideration, their doctrine was no less fanciful and remote from every scriptural idea, than flattering to human pride. This they assumed as the groundwork of a system, which wholly concealed from view what they professed to enshrine, the glory of the Lord, the bright manifestation of Deity displayed in the gospel covenant. They contended, that the infection of our nature is not a mental, but a mere corporeal taint; that the body alone receives and transmits the contagion, while the soul in all instances proceeds immaculate from the hands of her Creator. This disposition to disease, such as they allowed it to be, was considered by some of them as the effect of a peculiar quality in the forbidden fruit; by others, as having been contracted from the poisonous breath of the infernal spirit, which inhabited the serpent's body. On one point they were all united: by preserving to the soul the bright traces of her divine origin un-

impaired, they founded on a deceitful basis an arrogant creed, which, in declaring peace and pardon to the sinner, rested more upon personal merit, than the satisfaction of a Saviour.' P. 56.

'But, if these writers, who perverted the divinity as well as literature of the ages in which they lived, maintained, that the body alone and not the soul became vitiated by the fall, in what, it may be asked, did they suppose the guilt of original sin to consist, and what to be the necessity of remitting it? The answer to this question will be found to contain the principal scope of the controversy. Original sin they directly opposed to original righteousness; and this they considered not as something connatural with man, but as a superinduced habit or adventitious ornament, the removal of which, according to the philosophical principles of the Stagirite, could not prove detrimental to the native powers of his mind. Hence they stated the former simply to be the loss or want of the latter; of an accomplishment unessential to his nature, of which it might be deprived, yet still retain its integrity inviolate. When therefore they contemplated the effects of the fall, by confining the evil to a corporeal taint, and not extending it to the nobler faculties of the soul, they regarded man as an object of divine displeasure, not because he possessed that which was offensive, but because he was defective in that which was pleasing to the Almighty. While, however, they laboured to diminish the effects, they augmented in equal proportion the responsibility of the first transgression, asserting, that all participated in the guilt of Adam. He, they said, received for himself and his posterity the gift of righteousness, which he subsequently forfeited; in his loins we were included, and by him were virtually represented: his will was ours, and hence the consequence of his lapse is justly imputable to us his descendants. By our natural birth therefore, under this idea, we are alienated from God, innocent in our individual persons, but guilty in that of him, from whom we derived our existence; a guilt, which, although contracted through the fault of another, yet so closely adheres to us, that it effectually precludes our entrance at the gate of everlasting life, until the reception of a new birth in baptism.

'Thus they contended that the lapse of Adam conveys to us solely imputed guilt, the corporeal infection, which they admitted, not being sin itself, but only the subject-matter of it, not *peccatum*, but, according to their phraseology, *fomes peccati*, a kind of fuel, which the human will kindles or not at pleasure. It required, however, no common talent at paradoxical solution to prove, what was pertinaciously held, the innocence of that occult quality, which disposes to crime without being itself criminal, which, void of all depravity, renders the mind depraved; that metaphorical fuel of the affections, which, although not vicious in its own nature, yet, when inflamed, generates vice in the heart, upon which it preys.' P. 57.

In opposition to these fanciful dogmas, the Lutherans taught that original sin is a corruption of man's whole *na-*

ture both bodily and mental; the resplendent image of the Deity which man received at the creation of the world, although not annihilated, is greatly impaired, the injuries extending to his reason and will, his affections and passions. When therefore they contended that our nature is corrupted, they contrasted the position with the scholastical doctrine of its integrity; and when they urged its *total* corruption, they opposed the idea of a deterioration in *one* part only, and even that consisting of a propensity void of sin. To conceive that inclination to evil incurs not *in itself* the disapprobation of heaven, appeared to them little better than an apology for crime, or at least a dangerous palliation of that which it is the christian's duty not only to repress but abhor. Yet while they argued, that in consequence of this depravity we are to be considered by our natural birth as the children of wrath, they admitted, that by our new birth in baptism we all are made the children of grace.

After this, the preacher goes on, in the third place, to apply these contending theories to the explication of the doctrine contained in the ninth article.

'The application of what has been observed, to the article of our church upon the same subject, has been already perhaps anticipated. Original sin is there defined to be "the fault and corruption of the nature of every man, that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam, whereby man is far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit, and therefore, in every person born into this world, it deserveth God's wrath and damnation." When we recollect the peculiar theory of the scholastics, we immediately perceive with what this definition was intended to be contrasted. According to their statement, original sin is nothing more than a defect of original righteousness, which, instead of being a connatural quality, was itself only a supernatural ornament, unessential to the soul. In opposition, therefore, to such a conceit, our church represents it to be the fault and corruption of every man's *nature*, not the loss of a superadded grace, but the vitiation of his innate powers; a vitiation, by which he is very far removed from original righteousness, and by which she subjoins, again repeating the word before used as distinctly expressive of her meaning, he is inclined to evil *of his own nature*; so that his passions continually resist the controul of his reason. Yet while she esteems it not, as her adversaries held, an innocuous propensity, she does not declare it to be punishable as a crime; but steering a middle course, with a moderation, for which she is always remarkable, asserts it only to be *deserving* of God's displeasure. After the preceding definition, to which none but the sophists of the schools could object, she proceeds to observe, in perfect conformity with common sense and with the doctrine of the Lutherans, that this depravation of nature re-

mains after baptism, so that concupiscence, or whatsoever else may be meant by the φρόνημα σαρκὸς of St. Paul, is not, as the Council of Trent had then recently maintained it, and as the church of Rome had always believed it to be, a sinless inclination; but one rebelling against the law of God; and which, according to the apostle, who nevertheless admits that there is no condemnation for them that believe and are baptized, retains in itself the nature of sin.' p. 64.

That the above argument is exceedingly valuable, that it contains in it a great deal of truth, and that, with the aid of the annotations, a very excellent exposition of the article in question may be derived from it, we readily acknowledge: and yet it does not, in every part, convey to us intire satisfaction. We do not object to the statement either of the scholastical or Lutheran doctrine; it is the *application* alone with which we are not quite contented. The opinions of the schoolmen and of the Romish church, we are inclined to think, were, on this occasion, neither so *much* nor so *exclusively* before the eyes of the compiler, as Dr. Laurence supposes. But to notice only the latter particular. In the clause "deserveth God's wrath and damnation," our reformers, we doubt not, according to the remark of Bishop Cleaver, in his truly *episcopal* discourse before the University of Oxford (Feb. 14, 1802), had *respect to* the confessions of the other reformed and Lutheran churches, and with characteristic moderation purposely enunciated their doctrine, in much lower and more general language than they had done. But, in this reference, as Dr. Laurence does not object to it, so, most probably, he would give his assent to it, when proposed to him, as readily as we do. But besides this, though Dr. Laurence is of a different mind, we cannot but think, that in another part a very full and precise reference was intended to be made to the dangerous opinions of the Pelagians and Anabaptists. Nor can we trace the following sentence of this writer to any thing else than a fond partiality for a favourite system. 'In the article indeed of 1552, after the words, "ut fabulantur Pelagiani," occurred the following, "et hodie Anabaptistæ repetunt:" but these seem to have been introduced merely for the purpose of less openly declaring the object of assault,' (Was this in compliance with the sound advice of Melancthon—'In ecclesia rectius est scapham scapham dicere, nec objicere posteris ambigua dicta?' p. 222) 'and were consequently omitted in 1562, when disguise was less necessary, or less regarded.' (p. 269.)

A fondness for simplicity, which is the bane of so many system-builders, and for deducing truth from as few princi-

ples as possible, whereby they continually lose or mar a great part of it, has here, we presume, misled Dr. Laurence.

In insisting so strenuously, that the main object of the reformation was controversies with the Romish church (or even, if Dr. Laurence pleases, with the schoolmen), and not among the reformers themselves, he is in strict correspondence with truth, and his labours in this matter (strange as it might appear in so plain a case) are all highly profitable and necessary for these times. It would be an almost endless task to recount how many grave opinions and elaborate statements would have been necessarily precluded on both sides of the Calvinistical controversy, had the minds of many writers been *practically* imbued with this simple but important principle. But there is also a second maxim to which he who would thoroughly understand the principles and practices of the reformation, will have occasion continually to refer; which therefore it may be of great service more fully to point out, and which we doubt not has a pertinent application to our present argument. The Romanists then were continually charging us with divisions among ourselves; and in pursuit of this design, and of the favourite topic of their declamation, that there could be no peace nor certainty out of the quiet bosom of their church, they were perpetually taxing the reformation with all the enormities and outrages of the Anabaptists. As these excesses could not be contradicted, what was left to the sober part of the reformed, but to deny that the charge had any thing to do with them, to renounce all fellowship and common cause with the offenders, and to join in proscribing their noxious opinions? From this source were derived the 38th and 39th articles of our church, some parts of the 37th and others; and to the same Anabaptists and their kindred opinions, we doubt not that a real and sincere respect and reference was intended to be made by the compilers of the ninth article. If additional evidence be still wanted in support of this opinion, it will be contained virtually in, what we believe we could completely fulfil, the following engagement: that for every passage of the æra of the reformation in which the doctrines of the Romanists respecting original sin are specifically referred to by our English writers, we could produce more than two, in which such reference is made to those of the Anabaptists and Pelagians.

After this survey of the article, Dr. Laurence points out and warns us against two very important deductions, which

have often been fixed upon this part of our confession, as the true and genuine doctrines of the church of England. They are of such a magnitude, that it would be doing great injustice to our subject, if we did not at least state what they are. He remarks then, that although every expression seems studiously chosen to avoid the appearance of running into extremes, interpretations of this kind have notwithstanding been adopted. The article has been supposed collaterally to hint the approbation of an opinion, which in all probability never entered the minds of our reformers; and to insinuate the general imputation of Adam's guilt to all his posterity as the basis of the Calvinistical predestination. The second deduction respects the fate of infants dying without baptism, whom some have hence conceived that our church excludes from salvation. It will not be in our power to trace the author's steps through his excellent observations on both these topics. We shall only remark, since Dr. L. has forborne to do so, that from the evidence which he has adduced in support of the latter, (evidence which it would not be difficult to enlarge,) we shall be justified in entertaining a mild interpretation of those words, 'deserveth God's wrath and damnation,' which is that part of the article at which the mind is most disposed to startle.

Our remarks have already grown so much under our hands, that in what is to follow we must endeavour to be as concise as possible.

We shall first notice one or two not very important oversights.

The remark (p. 187,) that even 'Gardiner thought it proper to profess the greatest regard for Melancthon,' must not be *proved* by Cranmer's words to that prelate, "How highly you have esteemed Melancthon in times past, it is not unknown;" for, in fact, these words are *ironical*. See the context, and compare p. 16, edition 1551, (p. 15, edition 1580). "And here the reader may note wel, that ones againe you be fayne to flee for socoure unto Martine Luther, Bucer, Jonas, *Melangthon* and Æpinus, whose names before were wonte to be so hatefull unto you, that you coulde never with pacience abyde the hearyng of them;" and elsewhere in more places than one.

'That the doctrine upon the Eucharist contained in this cathechism is completely Lutheran, has never been denied,' p. 202. The author, in spite of what he has alleged in this and other pages, goes a great deal too far in this assertion. It has been denied very often, if we do not greatly mistake, by a very strong negative, that of Cranmer himself.

See answer to Gardiner, p. 7, 59, 60, 224, 267, 269, 452, (edition 1551) p. 6, 52, 53, 198, 235, 236, 237, 402, (edition 1580.) Compare also Fox (edition 1610) p. 1194, 1200, with other places, much more in point, which do not at present occur to us. Again did not Ridley adopt the Zuinglian opinion of the sacrament about 1545, two years before this catechism was published, and did not Cranmer join him in the same, very soon after that year?

Dr. Laurence has deserved excellently well of the History of the much injured Necessary Doctrine, by being, we believe, the first who has publicly pointed out (p. 192-3) an important misrepresentation of the slovenly Burnet, which has given occasion to almost numberless blunders of succeeding writers, respecting the date, and other circumstances of that performance. But is he right also in assigning 1543, as the date of the Pia et Catholica Christiani Hominis Institutio? (p. 344.) We have seen no copy excepting of the year 1544.

If Dr. Laurence had recollected Calvin. Instit. lib. i. 17. 5. and lib. iii. 24. 5. we think he would hardly have said, 'nothing of this kind appears in the writings of Calvin.' (p. 435.) Those passages, together with some others, have been very frequently referred to as proofs of an intimate resemblance.

Dr. Laurence has justly remarked, that it was the controversy on the Eucharist which *first* rendered Calvinism a characteristical appellation. (p. 45.) 'When the word Calvinist first became general, in the sense alluded to, I have not been able precisely to ascertain. Fox, I have remarked, does not use it. Evidently, however, in 1585, if not before, it was thus applied by Saunders to Cranmer, who in the Book of Martyrs, is termed a Zuinglian, and not a Calvinist.' (p. 237.) As this is a point of some curiosity and value, we shall gladly impart a little aid to the researches of Dr. Laurence.

Neglecting all intermediate resting-places, which might be many, we may stride back with confidence over a gulf of twenty years from 1585 to 1565, and sufficiently abundant instances of the name Calvinist, in the required signification, may be found in Harding's Confutation of the Apology of the Church of England, and in his other works, as well as in those of Rastell, Heskyns, Pointz, &c. printed about the same period. In the preceding year (1564) in Dorman's *Proufe of certeyne Articles in Religion denied by M. Juell,* the name Calvinist occurs in fol. 128, 129, and 130. And very numerous and pertinent instances,

will be found in a volume of tracts by Dr. Richard Smith, printed at Louvain in 1562. Much further than this we believe no mortal step can go. All beyond is Lutherans, Zuinglians, Carolostadians, and Œcolampadians.

When our readers have accompanied us thus far, it can hardly be necessary to retain them much longer in a formal declaration of our judgment respecting Dr. Laurence's Lectures. We esteem them to be of very high value and importance. For a profound and accurate knowledge of his subject, for a strict adherence to truth, for caution and moderation in the display of it, for industry and successful research, Dr. Laurence may vie with the very best authors on the same topics. It would not be easy indeed to mention any one to whom he is not in many things superior. No writer or reader, we trust, will venture to engage in or proceed further in this controversy, without immediate reference to this volume. The name of its author will deserve to be holden in very high respect by every lover of Christian truth and Christian charity.

Art. II.—*Memoirs of Bryan Perdue: a Novel. By Thomas Holcroft. 3 Vols. small 8vo.* Longman. 1805.

MR. HOLCROFT, in his late Travels through France, contrives to remind the world of his novel called Hugh Trevor; and in the preface to his present work he takes care that the same novel shall not be forgotten. This method of advertising books which have been long since laid on the oblivious shelf, is now become so common, that it deserves to be remarked upon, and we take this opportunity of observing, that it is vain for authors to remind the world of what they are disposed to forget. It is impolitic in general, because it is proclaiming the insignificance of their own productions; and it is impolitic in this author more particularly, because the recollection of a novel, which was written to suit the temper of the mob about twelve years ago, and which has sunk into disrespect along with the coarseness, vulgarity, and violence of that period, can add little to his reputation, and must present obstacles, rather than favorable impressions in the way of Bryan Perdue. Good manners and common sense have prevailed so long, that the spirit of Hugh Trevor must have evaporated, and would at this time be neither relished nor understood. We have not suffered any prejudice to operate in our minds, but have taken up these Memoirs with curiosity to observe how far time and the change of the vulgar temper may have tended to smooth the roughness of Mr. Holcroft's eccentric

opinions, to meliorate his asperities, and to bring back his sentiments within the pale of decency and truth.

In the present work Mr. H. avows his aim to be the 'inducing of legislators to consider the general and adventitious value of human life, and the moral tendency of our penal laws,' or, as he expresses himself at the close of the third volume, 'to diffuse the philanthropic doctrine, that proper receptacles for the *diseased in mind* are even more highly necessary, and should, at present, be no less numerous, than for the diseased in body.' If these proper receptacles had been erected rather more than twenty years ago, it is curious to form conjectures of the names which would have been on the keepers' lists, and of the consequences which would have resulted to the morals and politics of the age. But to return to our author: Mr. H. enters a *caveat* against being denominated a modern philosopher, and yet closes his work with one of the cant expressions peculiar to that Peripatetic sect: we beg their pardon, some of them were certainly to be found in coaches; but *they* know better things *now*. If a writer is composing an allegory, we have no objection to his representing vices as diseases, because the just conclusion of his allegory must be, that some vices are curable, and not very dangerous; but that some of them are so alarming in their progress, so virulent in their nature, and so contagious in their effects, that quarantine (that is, transportation) is of little use, and the tourniquet (that is, the gibbet) must be had recourse to. This is pushing things to consequences, which they, who adopt this cant moral term, do not admire. No! by denominating vice a disease of the mind, they mean to palliate vice, to give it a milder name, to represent it as something (like the itch) caught by accident, easily curable, and not in the least affecting the constitution of the patient. While the affected person is full of the disorder, it may be proper for him to wear gloves, or to shake hands only with those who labour under the same malady; but a little ointment, soap, and a clean shirt restore him to society, and all its intimacies. This may be very convenient doctrine for those whose morality is liable to what they may please to term *disease*: according to their vocabulary, fornication is merely an appetency for sexual intercourse; adultery, a philosophical rejection of ceremonies; rape, a disposition to corporeal adhesion without intellectual attraction; forgery, an indulged talent for graphic imitation; theft, an etymological error—a misapprehension of the meaning of the words *mine* and *thine*; murder, an ignorance of calculation on the utility of living powers; suicide, the spilling of a

red liquor, which might have kept a human frame in motion: all of them a mere set of errors originating in diseased habits, which (if the legislature were humane and wise) might be cured by a philosophic regimen in a proper receptacle or asylum for morbid morality. From this retreat no patient would be turned out as incurable; but the fornicator, the adulterer, the ravisher, the forger, the thief, the murderer, and perhaps the suicide (for we are not aware of the perfectible powers of man) might be restored to society. Right and wrong, virtue and vice, laws, modes of government, and religion are, if we comprehend the meaning of these philosophers, at this very time merely matters of speculative opinion, fanciful ceremonies and institutions, of whose utility a reasoning animal (this is their term for *man*) may very properly doubt. On these principles they affect not to understand what *crime* means, and are consequently struck with horror at that truly unphilosophical term, *punishment*. 'Some reasoning animals' (say they) 'are not convinced of the utility of kings, and they become regicides; others doubt the expediency of long *queues*, and they become crops: if monarchy and long hair are useful things, prove them to be so, but do not be angry with men for a difference in opinion, for what is nothing more than an error of the mind.' Some years ago it was the fashion (notwithstanding the possessor of the house might have plate on his side-board, money in his escrutoire, and a wife and daughters at the table) to invite professors of the modern philosophy to dinners. In a very large party we heard one of these gentlemen assert 'that Robespierre's fondness for continual executions by the guillotine, proceeded from an over nice sensibility, which required the most exquisitely poignant gratification.' The same gentleman added when he quitted the room, 'I am sorry to leave the party, but I must go, as I am engaged to drink tea with a very intelligent friend, who is to be hung next Wednesday.' Reader! incredible as it may seem, this jargon was not only endured, but admired. The humanity of legislatures, and the tyranny of those who wish to check *disease* of *mind* by pillories and gibbets, formed of course the topics of conversation for the remainder of the evening. Miss was a very great metaphysician, papa and mamma were great metaphysicians, three-fourths of the company were metaphysicians, and very animated hopes were expressed for the arrival of that order of things when the empire of reason would be universal.

We do not mean to assert that Mr. Holcroft's novel is written entirely according to the tenets of that philosophy,

whose wild eccentricities we have recalled to the recollection of our readers; but there are some passages in it which savour so much of the old leaven, that we unavoidably fell into a digression on the manners and sentiments of those moral and political reasoners, whom the treason and sedition bills have driven from debating societies and St. George's Fields, and whom Miss Hamilton's excellent novel has banished from the parlour and drawing-room.

From many other passages of the like description, we have selected the two following, and leave it to the judgment of our readers to decide, whether, if they had not seen the date of the book, they would not have imagined them to be extracted from a production of the years 1793, 1794, 1795, rather than of the present time.

'Soon after she left Lord Loiter, her mother was taken ill, and nothing could be more inconsistent than her conduct. She (Nonpareil, a girl of the lobby at the play-house) took care one day to see her mother well supplied, and the next would go out on a jaunt without remembering her; then burst into tears, which evidently flowed freely and naturally, because she had been so undutiful.—This hour she would resolve never to leave her mother's bed-side till she should recover: the next her mind would be wholly occupied on some new dress, or other folly that had taken her attention.'

Would any person of common sense be puzzled to account for this conduct of a girl, who had not utterly lost all sense of affection to a mother, but who at the same time was fond of dress, and of gratifying every passion, every lust, without any sense of shame, without any respect to the opinion of mankind, without any fear of God? Is there any mother, however uneducated, who could read the above natural description of a harlot, and not draw from it many good lessons to her daughters on the usual consequences of throwing off decency, and giving way to every impulse of vanity and passion?—Let us attend to Mr. H.'s reflections on the conduct of this girl, who was now in what is vulgarly called *high keeping*, and who, while she could not forget her mother, could not at the same time forget her pleasures. Is this wonderful?

'The opposition of desire, and its contrary workings in the human mind, have been the study of philosophers in all ages: but it is strange that they have not better methodized these moral researches, since it may be doubted whether they are more understood at present, than they were when Lycurgus and Solon were the legislators of the Greeks.'

Crit. Rev. Vol. 7. *January*, 1806.

We wish that certain writers who use the names of Lycurgus and Solon with the same familiarity that huntsmen use those of Cæsar and Pompey, would recollect that Lycurgus and Solon did not '*love darkness rather than light*,' and that such names in their pages are as ridiculous as the names of ancient heroes in the mouth of a whipper-in.

The following passage is quoted at length, because it contains an epitome of the philosophy of the whole work.

'Oh, that the guilty might be sent, like patients afflicted with dangerous disease, to hospitable mansions, that might be humanely constructed for their reception, and their reform!

'How many men of enterprise and high faculty would then be preserved! What might the mind of Jack Shepherd have achieved, had its powers been directed to their proper end! He was abandoned; he gloried in vice: alas! it was only because such was the stimulus that had been given him. Turn such miraculous powers to a different purpose, to the mighty ends of virtue, and what would they then have produced? How inestimable might have been the labors of Eugene Aram, that man of extraordinary attainments and stupendous faculties! Nay, how doubtful was his guilt! how doubtful even the crime for which he suffered! How easily are minds like these destroyed! But by whom shall they be restored?

'While I am writing these memoirs, I cannot forget that I have been subjected to hang by the neck, till I was dead! dead! dead! Dreadful and impolitic sentence! I dare boldly assert it, the whole tenor of my life shews that it was a life worth preserving. On you I call, O kings and legislative powers, not with an accusing voice, but with a heart swelling with hope! On you I call, in the name of the present and of future generations, to study how life may be preserved and vice corrected. Shrink not from the mighty task: it is worthy of the native and the highest dignity of man! Say not it is impossible to accomplish: ten thousand are the proofs that shew the contrary! Deal not in human blood! trifle not in indolence, and cut off wretches that are scarcely to be feared, only to rid yourselves of trouble and dine in quiet! It is not my voice, it is the voice of humanity, it is the voice, I say, of swarming generations, that adjures you.

'It was to this end, good reader, that these memoirs were written: it was to give the little aid, which an individual can give, towards producing a purpose that is no less glorious than benevolent. Accuse me not, therefore of interrupting my memoirs, because you are impatient: their worth would be trifling indeed, the amusement of an hour, that might have been better spent, did they not aim at a higher end than merely to amuse.'

O! thou ever to be lamented Jack the painter! in what evil days wert thou born! Thou man of daring experiment, what might not thy genius have effected? Instead of setting

fire to a dock-yard, after a course of philosophic regimen in the ward of a mental hospital, thy energies might have illuminated the world!—O! never-to-be-forgotten Mother Brownrigg, thou too rigid assertor of discipline, why was that impolitic sentence of *hanging* passed upon thee, who, if the little eruptions of thy temper had been checked, mightest have been the proud proclaimer of the rights of women! Oh! Catherine Hayes, Jonathan Wild, and all ye who were killed instead of cured, who were hung by the neck, and after whose death the judges and the jury dined in quiet, what experiments in science, what treatises on morality have been lost to the world by that precipitate decision on the diseases of your minds!

What is the meaning, what is the moral, what is the drift of the Memoirs of Bryan Perdue? They are expressed too plainly for us to mistake them. The purport of the three volumes is to warn judges against hanging men, that they may rid themselves of trouble, and dine in quiet, to caution them against dealing in human blood, and against cutting off a life hastily, which may eventually be useful.

In a country, like England, where the pure administration of the laws is our proud and warranted boast, and the astonishment and admiration of all foreigners, and where the mild interpretation of them is of such latitude, that other nations have accused us of 'making laws for the protection of rogues,' a book written for the purpose of diffusing a contrary opinion, under the mask of correcting an evil which does not exist, is not only useless, but ungrateful and insolent. In our courts of judicature, justice holds the scales, but she has delivered her sword to mercy: every atom that may weigh in the prisoner's favour is collected with an anxious and trembling hand; and if the balance be but equal the prisoner is free. Our public trials are lessons of instruction and goodness; and it may fairly be said that a collection of the speeches of our judges would form a volume of morality. Every Briton, every stranger is so conscious of the excellence of this part of our constitution, that we were as much surprised to find a work written with the intent which Mr. H. avows, as we should have been, if he had composed his three volumes for the express purpose of exposing the folly of a belief in witchcraft. Mr. H. raises the report of a ghost, and then claims merit for endeavouring to lay it: instead of which, he deserves censure for giving a false alarm.

The unhappy necessity of cutting off a life which might eventually be useful, has been lamented by many humane

and wise legislators; but severity of punishment tends to moral and political good, and in a country, where every bosom revolts at the very idea of torture, we cannot devise a severer punishment than death. Is death never to be inflicted? If Mr. H. or any other author will invent a system of punishments, under the terror of which property shall be secure, and the general happiness protected, without admitting death into the catalogue; if he will attempt to describe a plan of reform in our penal laws, by which the most atrocious offender shall, after due punishment, be restored to society, a diligent and useful member, we would hail the attempt as a generous effort, which deserved the praise of mankind: but we find nothing of this kind in the Memoirs of Bryan Perdue. Legislators are warned not to be profuse of blood, jurymen are censured for hanging men too hastily before dinner, and some loose hints are given on the propriety of erecting an asylum for the diseased in mind, with bitter lamentation that such a building was not erected before the minds of Jack Shepherd and Eugene Aram were destroyed; for 'by whom shall they be restored?'

Eugene Aram, it may be cursorily observed, is rather an unfortunate instance, as he attempted to 'destroy his own mind' by opening the arteries of his arm, and left a paper, written in justification of suicide, on the table in his cell. The crime, (we beg pardon) the disease of mind for which he suffered, was murder—deliberate murder in cold blood.

O! philosophy! philosophy! when thou gettest into bad company, how dost thou disgrace thyself.

Again, we repeat, that the unhappy necessity of cutting off a life is a subject of deep lament, and that this severity is to be exercised with extreme caution; but we do not perceive how the history of Bryan Perdue tends to make this truth more clear, or to awaken this caution more forcibly. The analysis of his story is as follows.

Mr. Bryan's father was a blackguard and a gambler, of whose conversation and manners we may judge from part of his address to his son.

> 'And thin for our ateing and drinking, why, who the divil that is not a spalpeen, would iver be seen to go to bed sober? Oh, my dear Bryan, that you had but been born when I was a boy, and had gone with me every Michaelmas fair to the faste of O'Connor.'

Notwithstanding the instruction of a good mother, and his tutor, who was a venerable worthy man, Bryan turned after his father, very readily imbibed his principles, and very diligently strove to wind himself into the favor of

Lord Froth at school, that he might cheat him of his money. Cards and dice were their amusement, and Bryan, with sufficient cunning, suffers Lord Froth to win a trinket, on which he was known to set a great value, that he might more easily fleece Lord Froth, when he received his quarterly allowance. 'Here (to use his own words) Lucifer thought proper to play me one of his sly tricks, and contrived that a die, which I had cogged, should drop just as I threw the cast; so that there were three dice instead of two upon the table. I made no scruple of swearing that I saw the die drop from his sleeve; and oaths and imprecations were most wickedly and audaciously opposed to each other.' Of course Bryan was banished from the school. By the intercession of his worthy tutor, he gets admission into the family of a Mr. Saville. His tutor dies, and Bryan remains, by the kindness of Mr. Saville, in the house, and receives a promise, that 'all his reasonable wants should be supplied, with the further assurance that when a new governor was chosen for young Saville, the same person should be his instructor in classical learning.' Mr. Saville discovers that his son and Bryan play very deep at the gaming table, and is preparing to turn Bryan out of the house, whose conduct appeared to him so wicked and ungrateful, when the accident of the house being in flames gave Bryan an opportunity of saving his benefactor's daughter, and the title-deeds of his estates, from the fire. Mr. S. in return for this unexpected instance of courageous and friendly assistance, foregoes his intention of turning Bryan into the street, and procures for him a situation in a merchant's office where he may support himself in a genteel style, and eventually rise to respectability and independence. Though Mr. S. feels it his duty to provide for Bryan, he very naturally and justly separates him from his son. Our adventurer in his new situation enters into the vices of the town, takes a lobby-girl into keeping, and to supply her extravagance, indorses his friend Mr. Saville's name on a draft for five hundred pounds. He is taken up, tried at the Old Bailey, and escapes by a point of law. After this he goes to the West Indies, where he is made manager of an estate, in which situation he is humane to the negroes, gaining an ascendancy over them by shewing them electrical experiments, and objects through a microscope, with some instances of the power of the air pump; marries a rich Quaker's daughter, has a large family, and lives very happy.

Such is the outline of Bryan Perdue's history, and (except the management of negroes by experimental philoso-

phy) such, or very similar, was the history of Moll Flanders, who went to Virginia, married a rich planter, and 'lived happy all the days of her life.'

Having described the doctrines which this work is intended to inculcate, and having given a skeleton of the plan of it, we shall proceed to exhibit specimens of the style in which it is written, and of the manner in which it is executed. The most paltry conceptions have been sometimes clothed in such grandeur of description, aad adorned with such flowers of eloquence, that, like the vile carcases of Egyptian mummies, they have been preserved on account of their outward ornaments: but the Memoirs of Bryan Perdue are not of this description. Mr. H. by some unaccountable infatuation, has thought himself qualified to adopt the sportive style of Tristram Shandy, for which his genius is as ill suited as the hard-hoofed animal in the fable was to imitate the playful fondness of the lap-dog.

'I cannot let this opportunity escape of informing the world of the system which I mean to write (I ought to say one of the systems) in which I shall make a full display and copious communication of the acute, the learned, and the profound discoveries that I have made, and the innumerable analogies, synonimes, etymologies, orthographic transformations, metaphoric changes, words simple and words copulative, that I have observed generating and degenerating by and among the Syriac, Chaldaic, Hebrew, Celtic, Arabic, Persian, Grecian, Gothic, Sclavonic, Teutonic, and all their bastard progeny; connecting them all with nations and tribes, antiquities, chronologies, histories, local customs, oral traditions, legends, eastern mythologies, migrations from——

'How can I best convey a specimen of the etymological learning with which, now and frequently, I find myself overburdened? Read, and, if that be possible, imagine how ample, how amusing, how beneficial, the instruction will be, which I have long had the intention to communicate!

'*Heiman*, *Hæt*, *Haupt*, *Haubide*, *Houbet*, *Hoibet*, *Höfd*, *Höved*, *Heed*, *Höt*, *Haud*, *Houbith*, *Heafod*, *Hoffod*, *Hufwud*, *Hutte*, *Hut*, *Huoth*, *Haut*, *Haus*, *Hose*, *Hütte*, *Hatt*, *Hett*, *Hod*, *Hat*, *Head*, *&c. &c. &c.* Gothic, Teutonic, Icelandic, Swedish, Dutch, English, and again, &c. &c. &c.

'Bless me! I must take breath, or whither will my exalted thoughts lead! Powers of inspiration, be not too abundant in this promptitude of ideas! administer your delightful doses each in a less and more manageable quantity, or, in some one of these dreams of ineffable pleasure, I shall forget that I am writing memoirs of myself.'

'I would, however, advise the sagacious reader, should he by any

accident get admittance into the pasture, sweet as clover, of the derivations and similarities of speech, first to graze his fill, and then leisurely to lie down, bask, and ruminate; by which practice he will obtain wholesome digestion, sudden growth, and increase of strength, beyond his hopes. For my own part I have fed voraciously of this kind of diet, and never once found it surfeiting: it has swelled me to a prodigious size, as must have been long ago perceived. And as to my learning!—Good Heavens! With half a dozen dictionaries before me—Well, well, there are many men of learning like myself.' VOL. I. P. 120.

Was Mr. H. engaged to write by the square inch? Or did he write this and similar passages (according to a quaint phrase now in vogue) by *automatic association of ideas,* that is, by setting down the first word that came uppermost without reference to arrangement or to meaning?

The first volume abounds with specimens of the above style, which Mr. H denominates in his preface 'sportiveness,' and which he tells the reader, 'he suffers to die away as the story becomes more interesting.' This resembles the conduct of a man, who after laughing very loud at his own jokes, begs pardon of the company, and promises not to be so witty for the remainder of the evening.

All our readers most probably recollect the celebrated walk of Mr. Godwin's Man of Genius from Temple Bar to Charing Cross. His man of genius is fairly out-geniused by Bryan Perdue.

'One day, as I was passing a plaster-model shop, I saw the figure of a vestal virgin, which I immediately fancied was her (Henrietta's) exact resemblance. I hurried into the shop, purchased it, took it in my arms, and, under the pretence of praising its antique and Grecian beauties, gave vent to my own imaginary raptures.

'I then hurried home with it, for I would not have quitted it for kingdoms, most carefully guarding against passengers, and every accident that might injure my precious treasure. On any other occasions, my false pride would have risen in arms at being myself the porter of such luggage.

'When at home I placed it before me, traced in it all the sweet proportion, the simple graces, the chaste thoughts, and the divine beauties of Henrietta! I stood contemplating it in an undescribably melancholy ecstasy.

'So entirely was I lost in imagination, that I began to converse with it, to utter my tender and passionate complaints, to ask most piteous questions, to reason with it, and to implore compassion.

'How excellently, and with what force of ridicule, did this trifling incident shew the absurdity of the supposition, that love is irresistible; since the imagination could thus put the cheat upon itself, and, Henrietta not being present, could transfer all its rap-

tures to plaster of Paris! It is concerning the due regulation of the fancy, and the various powers of the mind, that education ought principally to be employed.'

Let every British schoolmaster weigh well the philosophical reflection at the close of this chapter. Let them solemnly present a petition to parliament, that all Italian image-venders may be sent out of the country, as corruptors of the morals of the state. We do not recollect whether Solon or Lycurgus said any thing about the matter, but we very much suspect that the ποιηται whom Plato wished to exclude from his republic, were *makers* of images, and not of verses, as is usually supposed.

If the Memoirs of Bryan Perdue should reach a second edition, we advise the author of them to adopt the following paragraph from the third page of his second volume, for his motto, with the trifling alteration of changing the words GOOD-HUMOUR into GOOD-SENSE.

'Oh, Good-humour! thou charm of human life, how gladly would I make thee my Goddess! How have I daily vowed to worship thee! and how have my pious intentions been daily traversed, by that perverse demon Evil-habit! sometimes appearing to me under the form of Folly; but more frequently with the odious though perhaps imaginary face of foul Injustice. Forgetful, then, of thee, Good-humour and intent only upon reform! redress! retribution! and Satan himself knows not how many other wild speculative whims, how have I stormed, raved, and vowed eternal warfare against shadowy evils of my own creating!'

ART. III.—*A Tour in America, in* 1798, 1799, *and* 1800; *exhibiting Sketches of Society and Manners, and a particular Account of the American System of Agriculture, with its recent Improvements. By Richard Parkinson, late of Orange Hill, near Baltimore, Author of the Experienced Farmer, &c.* 2 *Vols.* 8vo. London. Harding. 1805.

THIS book is avowedly written for the purpose of vilifying America. The author, who went to that country on an agricultural speculation, having been disappointed in his golden visions of vallies waving with corn, or covered with the most delightful verdure, sits down on his return to England, to represent the United States as a perfectly barren waste, and the inhabitants as an almost savage people. He finds nothing worthy of his praise throughout the whole country; he is the true Smellfungus, who never meets with

a mushroom; or rather perhaps he may be denominated a happy mixture between the ill natured and the ignorant traveller. It is hard indeed to say which of these two qualities, spleen or absurdity, most strikingly preponderates in the lucubrations of Mr. Richard Parkinson.

His misfortunes set out with him upon his voyage. He was stopped fourteen days off Liverpool, because his ship wanted proper ballast; one of his servants became sick; the other was pressed by a king's boat; all his family were qualmish, except one son of twelve years of age; and this boy and our author had sixteen horses, nine head of cattle, and thirteen pigs to feed, and pump water for '*to clean the dirt from*,' &c. &c. To crown such a list of evils, nearly as numerous as those which befell the unhappy family in the song of Auld Robin Gray, the famous race-horse, Phænomenon, died! Poor Phænomenon! Here, had Mr. Parkinson been poetically gifted, we have no doubt he would have written an elegy; for he is of a very plaintive disposition. He extracts no comfort from the consideration that Cardinal Puff still survived.

Mr. Parkinson took with him his 'Experienced Farmer, in order to republish it in America; and he allows that this speculation answered very well; as also did the horses, cattle, and hogs, above his expectation; but the wonderful barrenness of the land, 'was beyond any description.' We shall, throughout our review of this work, take the liberty of occasionally using the author's own words, as there is a peculiar *naïveté* in his style.

The barren land of America, however, when properly cultivated and manured, appears to have produced for Mr. Parkinson, by his own account, very fair crops; and by the single article of milk, he gained very considerably, which is a proof that good grass land, as well as arable, can be found beyond the Atlantic. The different statements indeed of this author in different parts of his work, are so utterly inconsistent with each other, that we are at a loss to conceive upon what principles it has been taken by some of our contemporaries in the light of a serious performance. We are confident that the author himself meant it for a burlesque upon arguments against emigration; and considering it in this point of view, the Tour in America has really a very rich vein of irony running through it, as the author continually seems to be in a violent passion; but we have no doubt that he is all the while laughing in his sleeve at the credulity of his readers.

He does not indeed quite possess the grave humour of Cervantes; but his wit is very refined, for we should almost

at times suppose him to be in earnest. His language is entirely his own, and as animated as it is original; in this part of his character as an author, he is therefore above all praise; but in the design of his work, we may compare him to Swift, in the Voyage to Laputa, or to the father of Swift, Rabelais, in the Voyage to the Holy Bottle. It is the opinion of one of our friends that the Baron Munchausen would afford a still more striking resemblance, if Mr. Parkinson were compared to him. It may be so, or indeed Monsieur Vaillant might be mentioned as the facetious prototype of our author; but as Vaillant was a scholar, the similarity is destroyed.

'On my arrival in America, I was compelled,' says Mr. Parkinson, 'to treat General Washington with a great deal of frankness.' Fie, Mr. Parkinson! so frank with your superiors, and yet perpetually inveighing against that insolence of manners, which the Americans acquire from their ideas of equality and independence. But however plain with the General, Mr. P. perfectly agreed with Mrs. Washington, 'that he had brought his pigs to a bad market;' and 'if every old woman in the country knew this,' continues our ungallant author, 'I thought my speculation would answer very ill.' We here evidently discover Mr. Parkinson's comic drift, as he begins by forming his opinion of America upon the accounts of old women.

Mr. P. now met with a person of the name of Grimes, who had a little time before shot a man 'for going across his plantation.' He congratulates himself that this new friend did not also shoot him! Admirable humour!

Indeed, it is quite superfluous to adduce any more proofs of the real intention of Mr. P. in publishing this book, namely, that of ridiculing the opposers of emigration. We shall, however, amuse our readers with a few more instances of his successful irony, and then dismiss him with the valuable praise of having added to the stock of innocent and rational amusement. Works of fiction, if well managed, with an agreable subject, and a good moral, have always been esteemed as very useful in forming the manners of the rising generation; and there is an infantile simplicity in some of Mr. Parkinson's remarks, which admirably adapts his book to the use of the nursery. More decent than Gulliver's Travels, the Tour in America, like the former work, combines instruction and entertainment. It is at once a satire and a fable.

Our writers have of late years neglected to attempt this pleasant union of sarcastic story with an account of real coun-

tries and characters; and we think the world is much indebted to Mr. Parkinson for the revival of an ancient practice, so suitable to his own talents for the ludicrous.

The hyperbolical tales (in the first volume of this work,) of the escape of American prisoners from the hands of the Indians, are perhaps a little too grossly coloured. Their extravagance, however, serves to evince more clearly the author's general aim at the burlesque. And indeed a thought now strikes us, that these tales might be done into verse very easily by some wonder-monger of the present day, and under the title of 'New Tales of Terror,' might far exceed the former work of that name, in sale, as well as in merit of every kind.

Mr. Parkinson hints in his usual and delicate manner, at the hatred of the Americans for the English. In all companies, he observes, 'the American runs foul of the Englishman.' Mr. P. by a superficial reader would be thought to retaliate. He takes every opportunity of attacking the nation of America, with seeming virulence. His irony is here excessively keen. He must in his heart be a true American, for he calls that people a set of scoundrels, almost in plain words. The following is a specimen of lighter wit.

'There is one gentleman of the name of Gough, at Perry Hall, who told me he thought of being a Mr. Bakewell (i. e. a great breeder of cattle,) but it would not do in America. He put me in mind of the Quaker in England, who, being asked in court by a counsellor, what he meant by saying *likewise* and *also?* replied, Lord Kenyon is a great lawyer; thou art *also*, but not *like-wise*. Thus Mr. Gough was *also*, but not *like-wise*, as Mr. Bakewell.' VOL. 1. P. 287.

This is surely an instance of elegant and playful trifling! Mr. Parkinson indeed seems to be as great a master of the *bagatelle*, as of the strong and cutting powers of satire.

'Those swamps or bottoms,' says Mr. P. 'which the Americans term rich, are light and *crumbly*.' The author and the people whose country he describes are here at issue. But from a recurrence to Mr. Parkinson's known character of an ironical and jeering writer, we shall easily reconcile the different accounts.

'Upon the whole,' continues Mr. P. 'America appears to me to be a most proper place for the use to which it was first appropriated, namely, the reception of convicts.' This sentence, our readers will perceive, is much too illiberal to be interpreted seriously. We give Mr. Parkinson the full credit for his joke, and we admire the fine-drawn compliments of his narration. America was never before so deli-

cately praised. 'I believe,' says our author, 'the natives of America would *shudder* to live in England; as they are so habituated to taking fruit in a *friendly* manner, riding horses away, &c. &c. they could not readily refrain from so doing.' We must refer our readers to the story that follows this remark, (volume 2, page 625,) and not partially transcribe it, as we should only mutilate sentiment, and leave out oaths; and the whole is much too long and tedious for a quotation. Mr. P. indeed occasionally 'finds it in his heart,' like Dogberry, 'to bestow all his tediousness upon our worships.' The story, we will however venture to assure our readers, though apparently vulgar in its language, and to the last degree coarse in its incidents, is, tediousness excepted, very entertaining, and like the one before quoted, an extremely refined piece of almost doubtful irony. One sentence will awaken curiosity, and induce every person of taste to proceed. It is as follows: 'D——n such a country! I wonder all the people do not leave it.'

After these repeated demonstrations of Mr. Parkinson's turn for low humour, we should have been surprized at his quoting Lord Chesterfield with great praise, had we not been convinced that the graces have occupied a large share of Mr. P.'s attention.

'The *rat-tailed* sheep which come from Holland, are very *beautiful*. The lower class of Dutchmen exceed all others in the cultivation of American soils. *Genteel people*, as merchants, from Holland, are, on the contrary, much more extravagant than any other set of men, except the Americans themselves, who, I think, exceed all nations. Scotchmen are allowed to be the best merchants. As to the French, I had little opportunity to judge of them, as they do not mix in company like other men, nor do they resort to taverns; and when you meet with them *at those places* in travelling, they generally converse in their own language: therefore, as I could not speak French, I had no opportunity of learning any thing from them. They are remarkably rude as travelling companions. I have seen them seat themselves at a tavern, by the fire, and suffer all the rest of the company, ladies as well as gentlemen, to *sit* (we suppose *stand*) round them.' VOL. II. P. 608.

In the above passage, we discover two traits of character—Mr. Parkinson's politeness, and his rambling, desultory mode of thinking, which, was he not ironical, would be almost idiotic.

ART. IV.—*Ode Græca præmio Dignata quod donavit Academiæ Cantabrigiensi, vir Reverendus Claudius Buchanan A. B. Coll. Regin. Cantab. et Vice-Præpositus Collegii Bengalensis in India Orientali. Auctore Georgio Pryme, A. B. Trin. Coll.* 4to. 2s. Cadell. 1804.

THE nature of the poem before us is so fully explained in the title-page, that we have only to add, that its subject is ΓΕΝΕΣΘΩ ΦΩΣ, and that it consists of thirty-four Sapphic stanzas.

Perhaps an apology is due to some of our readers for reviewing it so late, and to others, for reviewing it at all; at least, for giving a detailed account of it. But if, from the importance which our extended notice may seem to attach to the present production, or from the praise which we shall occasionally and justly bestow on the author, any one should rashly conclude that we are admirers of this species of poetry, we think it proper to refer them to our observations on Mr. Walpole's Greek exercises in our Review for March, 1805, in which our opinion of, and objections to modern compositions in that language are fully stated.

Yet, after all, we do not violently blame a young student for amusing himself now and then with stringing together ends of verses from Æschylus or Pindar; though it must be allowed that the same time would have been infinitely better employed in reading those authors, even for the fiftieth time. Almost every exercise is some way serviceable to a young student, and that of fabricating *centos* may therefore not be without its use. It would moreover, be highly unfair to censure the author of a prize-poem for laying his work before the public, where publication is the condition of the prize. The case is widely different when, in the way of authorship, grown gentlemen collect for the public eye whole volumes of their *centos*. The only thing that can be said in palliation of such laborious trifling is, that the books are not likely to waste the time of any one besides the authors.

The present Ode is unquestionably distinguished by elevation of thought; it frequently attracts us by animation of language, felicity of expression, and above all, by skilful versification. The construction of the plan is objectionable; it opens with an invocation to the Holy Spirit, evidently taken from Milton. The creation of light, and the dispersion of chaos are next related, v. 12—22. The sun is then allego-

rically* described as the temple of light, and the planets and the most considerable of the other heavenly bodies, as attendants in the temple, around which they perform their ministry, and from which they draw their light in golden urns. v. 22—72.

The narrative is here interrupted by an apostrophe to the Sun, in which his future extinction is declared with considerable solemnity and pathos. v. 73—84.

Thus far all is regular, animated, and consistent with the subject and with itself. We are sorry that we cannot extend this commendation to the latter part of the ode; which, however praise-worthy in many parts, falls, on the whole, much below the merits of the beginning.

The poet descends with more rapidity than grace from heaven to earth; and describes the production of plants, v. 89—100; and of animals, v. 101—110. The creation, disobedience, and fall of man, are then dispatched in fourteen verses, v. 111—124. In three stanzas more it is said, if we understand the passage rightly, that the night of ignorance and sin was dispelled by the appearance of the Redeemer on earth; that his appearance was a second γενέσθω φῶς; and that death was then deprived of its sting, and the grave of its victory. Here the ode concludes.

Such of our readers as understand arithmetic, will easily see the vast disproportion between the descriptive and the moral and religious part of the poem.

From the words of the motto, from the circumstance that it is taken from scripture, from the comparison of it with the other subjects proposed by Mr. Buchanan, it is, we think, clear, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the Greek ode on γενέσθω φῶς was intended to convey some allusion at least to the new institution in Bengal, and to express a hope, that the light of religion and science may speedily dawn in the east, and spread to the remotest corners of the world.

Surely these ideas, above all others, were well calculated to supply materials for a grand finale; to say nothing of their connection with the subject, which we should have thought indissoluble, had we not actually seen it dissolved.

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* This brings to our recollection a most splendid fragment of Sappho, apud Hephæst. de metro Ionico.

Πλήρης μὲν ἐφαίνετ' ἁ Σελάνα,
αἱ δ' ὡς περὶ βωμὸν ἐστάθησαν.

Horace has imitated it, but inadequately:

Nox erat et cœlo, &c.

This omission seems still more extraordinary, when it is considered how aptly the apostrophe to the sun would have introduced the mention of the immutable perfections of the Supreme Being; and how nobly the transitory glories of the material world might have been contrasted with the eternal splendor of divine truth.

How thoughts so striking and so extremely obvious could be neglected or overlooked, we shall not stay to inquire. Perhaps Mr. Pryme, having expended in description, nearly as many verses as are usually allowed for an ode, and thinking them, perhaps justly, too good to expunge, was obliged, just as he had reached the most important part of his subject, to break off his song with as much precipitancy as the country parson used to bring his sermon to a close, when he saw the 'squire at the end of his nap.

Having given our opinion of the plan, we proceed to specify those parts of the execution which we think less commendable than the rest; the beauties we leave to the spontaneous admiration of the reader; to whom we shall present a specimen at the end of our critique, that, if he should be wearied by our remarks, he may be restored to good humour with himself and us by the perusal of verses of no common merit.

V. 1. *Πραξίων ἅλις χθονίων· μὲ θυμὸς Ορνύει νῦν θειότερόν τιν' ὕμνον Η πάρος μέλπειν.*—Mr. Pryme obtained Sir William Browne's medal for a Greek ode, 1802. To this event in his life, the three first words seem to allude. But we think the propriety of the expression disputable at least. For if *χθόνιος* be authorised as synonymous with *βρότεος*, which it may be or not; still *πρᾶξις χθονία* is a very laconic phrase for 'a poem on a human subject.' But be this as it may, what follows is clearly wrong; for never yet was the *enclitic μου* placed at the beginning of a sentence by a classical author.

V. 3.—*ἑκὰς, ὦ βέβαλοι, 'Εστὲ, λαχεῖσαι Νάματος τᾶς Κασταλίας.*—In Milton's or Pope's English, such a command may be given to the Grecian muses with perfect security. But in our poet, who ought not to use a word or phrase which is not imported from the vicinity of Parnassus, such language to the goddesses of the Castalian fount, is as imprudent as it is ungracious. We trembled lest they should take him at his word.

V. 7. (*ὦ δῖον Πνεῦμα*)—*εὔπτερος γὰρ Εὖτε πέλεια, Ζωφύτῳ θάλπει προσέθης ἀβύσσω Κόλπον.*—We are well aware of the great brevity which the Greek poets frequently use in their similes. *Αἴας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε, φέρων σάκος ἠΰτε πύργον.* Homer Il. Λ. 485. *Ὡς νῦν ἐκνοῦμεν πάντες, ἐκπεπληγμένοι Κεῖνον βλέποντες, ὡς κυβερνήτην*

νεώς. Soph. Œd. Tyr. 922. Similar instances may be found in the sacred writers. Yet we could have wished that a more significant epithet than εὔπτερος had been given to πέλεια. Milton, from whom the passage is translated, is much more marked and forcible;

with mighty wings *outspread*,
Dove-like *sat'st brooding* o'er the vast abyss. Par. Lost. I. 21.
on the wat'ry calm
His *brooding wings* the spirit of God *Out-spread.* VII. 234.

τανύπτερος or τανυσίπτερος would have been more to the purpose. The latter epithet is joined to πέλεια in Homer, Od. X. 468.

Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἢ κίχλαι τανυσίπτεροι ἠὲ ΠΕΛΕΙΑΙ.

V. 13. God said, let there be light; κὰκ μυχάτων ἔλαμψεν Ἴκταρ ἀκτὶς ἑπταπόρος, πτερωτὸν Ὡς νόημα, σπερχομένα μάλ' αἰθέ-ρος δῖα μέσσω. Οὐ γὰρ ἦν τόθ' Ἅλιος. How the light could be ἑπτα-πορος, we do not understand. It could not come *from seven luminaries*; for in this very sentence we are told that the sun was not; nor could it proceed *in seven bodies or directions*; for we hear of no such thing in scripture, and the idea is neither poetical nor philosophical. It is suggested that ἑπτα-πόρος alludes to the seven colours of which the light is composed. But can an uniform compound of seven substances be called ἑπταπόρος?

We have another objection; the words οὐ ΓΑΡ ἦν τόθ' ἅλιος, do not seem well connected with what goes before. That the light should 'rush swiftly through the air,' seems to be a natural consequence of its creation, whether it was embodied in a sun, or scattered through the abyss. We allow that the words call up awful recollections; had they been set off by the addition of some appropriate circumstance, they would have had a very grand effect.

Let there be light! said God; and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the aëry gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud: (for yet the Sun
Was not) she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. P. L. VII. 243, &c.

These verses Mr. Pryme manifestly translated. It is strange that he has omitted an idea not the least striking in the passage, without which, too, there is an evident deficiency in the sense of the whole.

V. 17. ἀνάρχω ἀρχᾶς. 29. ἀπλανέες πλανᾶται. 124. ποτμον ἄποτμον. Of these three instances of *oxymoron*, two at least should have

been spared. This figure is so critically situated between extreme delicacy and sickly affectation, that it should be intrusted to none but a most accomplished poet: and even in such hands it can hardly fail to disgust on repetition. Witness Euripides, who has often made even *oxymoron* irresistibly pleasing, and yet has not escaped the keen and just ridicule of Aristophanes. The mock-Euripidean chorus, *Ranæ*, 1331, &c. *Brunck*, thus begins:

ὦ Νυκτὸς κελαινοφαὴς
ὄρφνα, τίνα μοι δύστανον ὄνειρον
πέμπεις ἐξ ἀφανοῦς, Ἀΐδα πρόπολον,
ψυχὰν ἄψυχον ἔχοντα;

See also *Acharn.* 395, &c.; and *Thesm.* 275. And we must be allowed to think that Aristophanes was a man of some taste, and knew something of Greek, although he could laugh at an *oxymoron.*

V. 18. ὡς ἀνάρχω Ἔρεσσ' ἐξ ἀρχᾶς Χάος, ὡς τέθαπε Προσβλέπων λαμπρὸν θάλος. In the first place, it should have been ἐτεθήπει, not τέθηπε. Secondly, Χάος προσβλέπων is something very like a solecism. We shall not insult our readers by supposing the author to have been ignorant that χάος, χάους, is a *neuter* noun; he doubtless thought that the personification excused the anomaly. Yet we find Aristophanes personifying this very word in the *neuter* gender;

Av. 698.

οὗτος δὲ (ὁ Ἔρως sc.) Χάει πτερόεντι μιγεὶς νυχίῳ, κατὰ Τάρταρον εὐρὺν, ἐνεόττευσεν γένος ἡμέτερον.

V. 49. ὠρανῷ τ' ἄγαλμα νέον, πτυχαῖσιν Ἐσχάταις φρουρός περ ἐὼν, πρόσωθεν Λαμπάδ' αἰωρεῖ, i. e. the Georgium Sidus. First, the word ἄγαλμα had just occurred in a similar sense, v. 40. Secondly, if the planet is stationed πτυχαῖς ἐσχάταις, it probably lifts its torch πρόσωθεν.

V. 53. πυρὸς πλεκτῷ πλοκάμως. Πλοκαμος is derived from πλέκω, and means a *curl.* These wrods, therefore, sound in Greek as *a curl of curled fire* would sound in English. But the stanza is so beautiful for its terseness and skilful versification that we cannot but quote it.

Τὶν (ὦ Ἅλιε scil.) πυρὸς πλεκτῷ πλοκάμως Κομάτας
ἐκτινάσσων, ἀχλύος ἐξ ἀπείρω
ἐσχάρας τεᾶς θεράπων* ἐλαύνει
νόστιμον ἅρμα.

* "Cometa potest in Solem incidere. Sic etiam stellæ fixæ, quæ paulatim expirant in lucem et vapores, cometis in ipsas incidentibus refici possunt, et novo alimento accensæ pro stellis novis haberi." Newton. *Princip. Mathem.* Tom. III. Lib. iii. Prop. 42. Prob. 22.

We have two questions nevertheless to ask: 1. Was there any occasion for both τὶν and τεᾶς? 2. Is ἐκτινάσσων used by any good author for τινάσσων?

V. 68. διπλόον αὐγάν. The feminine of διπλόος is commonly διπλόη, διπλῆ. We have ransacked our memory, and turned over our indexes in vain for an example of the feminine form διπλόος. In Euripides, *Herc. Fur.* 666. *Musgr.* we meet with ἁπλοῦν βιοτάν. But this solitary instance is of little service in removing our doubts; the true reading may, possibly, be βίοτον. If διπλόος, or διπλόον, can be found joined to a feminine noun, where the metre will not admit διπλῆ or διπλῆν, and where no reasonably easy mode of correction can be pointed out, then indeed our doubts will end.

V. 70. (See the lines quoted at the end of the article.) δ' should, we think, have been omitted. The rest of the stanza is so very like some verses in the late Mr. Tweddell's ode, *Juvenum Curas*, that we cannot in conscience think the coincidence accidental:

> Πῶς σὺ φίλτρα ΜΥΡΙΑ, μυρίοισιν
> ἱμέρω βέλεσσι δαμεὶς, ΦΡΑΣΑΙΜ' ΑΝ;
> οὐκ ἐγὼν ΟΙΟΣ ΤΕ· ΤΙ ΓΑΡ; ΠΕΦΕΥΓΕ
> ΨΑΜΜΟΣ ΑΡΙΘΜΟΝ.
>
> Tweddell, *Prolusiones Juveniles*, p. 66.

It is true, that both poets have taken the concluding thought from Pindar; Ol. II. 178;

> ἐπεὶ ψάμμος ἀριθμὸν περιπέφευγεν

but there are other points of resemblance between the two stanzas.

V. 79. (quoted at the end of this article). Χρόνος. We do not see why Time should be made the destroyer of the Sun; as if that 'parent of light' was to be extinguished by gradual decay. It would have been more correct, and certainly not less poetical, to say, that he will vanish as suddenly as he appeared at the command of the Creator.

V. 90. χθὼν βιόδωρος. Μάτηρ ὀλβιόδωρος Αἶα occurs v. 38.—The earth is said ἐκσκεδάζειν ἄνθεα προπάροιθε κόλπων, i. e. to scatter flowers abroad from before her bosom, i. e. to shoot them into the air. σκεδάζω means to scatter abroad, *dissipare*. If she had been said ἐπισκεδάζειν ἄνθεα κόλποις, to throw or scatter them about on her bosom, the expression might possibly have been defensible.

V. 101. ἠνὶδ' ἐμψύχων ἀνάριθμον ἔθνος Γᾶ λοχεύει, &c. These verses are an evident, though, as we think, inadequate, translation of Milton, P. L. VII. 449, &c. In the original, we see the newly-created lion rising from the earth, *pawing to*

get free his hinder parts; springing as broke from bonds; in the imitation, he is taking a walk in a forest, as if he had been ready created for the poet to describe; βιβᾳ κατ' ἄλσος ἔραμον.

V. 115. Τιν γελάσσαι' ἱμερόεν ποθατὰ Δῶρα προτείνει Ἁ Φύσις. Good! a *voluptuous smile* on the face of *Nature*! At this rate, we do not despair of seeing in a reasonable time, Master Charon and Miss Tisiphone interchanging amorous glances and melting sighs. But so it was; ἱμερόεν made a very pretty *choriambus*, and was found in Sappho's ode, in juxta-position with γελᾷν.

Our readers may now begin to be weary of our criticism, which we shall therefore conclude with the promised extract.

Οὐδὲ μὰν, λαμπρός περ ἐὼν, διοικεῖς
Ἅλιε, σκᾶπτον μόνος· οὐργάτης γὰρ
ὠρανῶ τόνδ' εὐτρέπισεν χιτῶνα
ἀστερόεντα,

ταινίαν* τ' ἀμφ' ἀργυφέαν ἔδησεν
εὐπρεπῆ τῶν πρεσβυτέρων† γραφαῖσι
τειρέων· τί χρή με λέγειν Βοώταν,
Πληϊάδας τε,

Σείριόν‡ τ' ἰοπλόκαμον; τί δ' Ἄρκτως
ὑδάτων φυλασσομένας; τί δ' ὄρνιν§
χείματος μάντιν στυγερὸν, Λύρας τε
διπλόον|| αὐγὰν,

ἀστέρων θ' ὁμάγυριν οὐρανοῦχον
μυρίαν; τοὺς δ' οὔτις ἅπαντας εἰπεῖν
ἢ μαθεῖν οἷός τε· τί γάρ; πέφευγε
ψάμμος ἀριθμόν.

Αὐτὰρ εἵμαρται θεόθεν τελευτὰ
νυκτιφοίτων παντὶ χορῷ; σὲ δ', αὐγᾶν
ὦ πάτερ γενέθλιε, καλλιφεγγῆ
καίπερ ἐόντα,

καίπερ ἀνθεῦντ' ἐν νεώτατος ἀκμᾷ,
φεῦ. νέφος λάθας ἀτέκμαρτον ἐχθρᾶς
ἐμβατεύσει· κουροβόρος Χρόνος σὺν
χερσὶν ἀφύκτοις

σὸν κατασβέσει σέλας· ἔσσεταί ποκ',
ἆμος Ἀοῦς οὐκ ἀΐων ἰωᾶς
ὡς πρὶν, ὑπνώσεις ζοφόεντ' ὀλέθρω
νήγρετον ὕπνον.

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* Via Lactea.

† Sol, ut Herschelio videtur, juventutis certiora dat indicia, quam magna stellarum pars. Vid. *Philos. Trans.* 1796. p. 185.

‡ Sirius violaceo subrubet colore.

§ Vid. Arat. *Phæn.* v. 314.

|| Pleraque in constellatione Lyrâ sidera e duabus stellis videntur composita.

Art. V.—*Speeches of John Philpot Curran, Esq.* 8vo. 8s. *pp.* 400. Dublin. 1805.

IN common with the lovers of literature and science, we have often lamented that our countrymen on the other side of the channel afford us so few occasions of deriving instruction from the learning, or entertainment from the ingenuity, of which it is acknowledged that they possess so large a share. We are indeed somewhat at a loss to discover to what circumstance in particular is to be attributed the rare emergence of works of any considerable merit from the press of Ireland; and we are equally diffident in forming our expectations that any immediate aid to its removal will be attendant on the union of empire which has recently been accomplished. It may with justice be urged that ignorance and barbarism still prevail over a great part of our western island; nor can it be denied that many of those parts where the darkness has been dispelled, are hitherto but feebly and partially illuminated by the uncertain lights struck out of commercial enterprize. In the metropolis, however, the seat of vice-royalty, the residence alike of the busy and the idle, the learned and the gay, science might be expected to yield her unexhausted fruits, and wit to pour forth her abundant treasures. Notwithstanding the number of those who at this day possess the means of enlightening the world, and eminent as their talents and learning are confessedly esteemed, yet with the indolence or despair of men who are conscious of the distance which separates them from the *great* theatre of public applause, they seem to have abandoned their exertions along with the hope of enlarging the circle of their fame. Individuals may possibly be apprehensive that their single voices may be lost ere they reach the place to which they are most anxiously directed; and diffidence thus fortified by pride effectually discourages even the attempt. If therefore the more intimate connection which now subsists between us and the sister kingdom have any beneficial effects in promoting the common interests of learning, they must unquestionably be sought in the new protection which the *English press* will be called upon to extend to the less favoured offspring of Irish literature.

The work under review merits a place in the first rank of those productions which have given form and 'local habitation' to the sublime efforts of extemporaneous reason and eloquence. It has brought to a nearer view those splendid talents which, however sullied by imperfections, have shone with undiminished lustre, during a considerable period of the present times. We are deeply indebted to the compiler

and to the *corrector* of the speeches which are published in this volume, for affording so rich and valuable an acquisition to the treasures of forensic eloquence, and for enabling Englishmen and posterity to form an adequate conception of the energy, the brilliancy, and the scope of Mr. Curran's oratory. We are persuaded that our readers will be more gratified by our presenting to them specimens of the different kinds of eloquence which this valuable compilation furnishes, than by detaining their curiosity with minute and laboured descriptions: we shall therefore proceed to transcribe such parts as our limits will permit us to insert.

The first speech was delivered before the lord lieutenant and privy council of Ireland, on a question respecting the right of election of lord mayor of the city of Dublin, between Aldermen Howison and James (1790): Mr. Curran thus opens his defence of the claims of Mr Howison and the popular party by which he was supported.

'My Lords, I have the honour to appear before you as counsel for the commons of the corporation of the metropolis of Ireland, and also for Mr. Alderman Howison, who hath petitioned for your approbation of him as a fit person to serve as lord mayor, in virtue of his election by the commons to that high office, and in that capacity I address you on the most important subject that you have ever been called upon to discuss. Highly interesting and momentous indeed, my Lords, must every question be, that even remotely and eventually may affect the well-being of societies, or the freedom or the repose of nations; but that question, the result of which by an immediate and direct necessity must decide either fatally or fortunately the life or the death of that well-being, of that freedom and that repose, is surely the most important subject on which human wisdom can be employed, if any subject on this side the grave can be entitled to that appellation.

'You cannot therefore, my Lords, be surprized to see this place crowded by such numbers of our fellow-citizens. Heretofore they were attracted hither by a strong sense of the value of their rights and of the injustice of the attack upon them; they felt all the magnitude of the contest; but they were not disturbed by any fear for the event; they relied securely on the justice of their cause and the integrity of those who were to decide upon it. But the public mind is now filled with a fear of danger, the more painful and alarming because hitherto unforeseen: the public are now taught to fear that their cause may be of doubtful merits and disastrous issue; that rights which they considered as defined by the wisdom and confirmed by the authority of written law, may now turn out to be no more than ideal claims without either precision or security; that acts of parliament themselves are no more than embryos of legislation, or at best but infants whose first labours must be not to teach but to learn, and which even after thirty years of pupillage, may

have thirty more to pass under that guardianship, which the wisdom of our policy has provided for the protection of minors. Sorry am I, my Lords, that I can offer no consolation to my clients on this head; and that I can only join them in bewailing that the question whose result must decide upon their freedom or servitude is perplexed with difficulties of which we never dreamed before, and which we are now unable to comprehend. Yet surely, my Lords, that question must be difficult upon which the wisdom of the representative of our dread sovereign, aided by the learning of his chancellor and his judges, assisted also by the talents of the most conspicuous of the nobles and the gentry of the nation, has been twice already employed, and employed in vain. We know, my Lords, that guilt and oppression may stand for a moment irresolute ere they strike, appalled by the prospect of danger, or struck with the sentiment of remorse. But to you, my Lords, it were presumption to impute injustice; we must therefore suppose that you have delayed your determination, not because it was dangerous, but because it was difficult to decide; and indeed, my Lords, a firm belief of this difficulty, however undiscoverable by ordinary talents, is so necessary to the character which this assembly ought to possess, that I feel myself bound to achieve it by an effort of my faith, if I should not be able to do so by any effort of my understanding.'

Mr. Curran proceeds, in another part of the same speech, to draw a picture of the late distracted condition of Ireland:

'Depressed (says he) in every thing essential to the support of political or civil independency; depressed in commerce, in opulence, and knowledge; distracted by that civil and religious discord, suggested by ignorance and bigotry, and inflamed by the artifice of a cruel policy, which *divided in order to destroy;* conscious that liberty could be banished only by disunion, and that a generous nation could not be completely stripped of her rights, until one part of the people was deluded into the foolish and wicked idea, that its freedom and consequence could be preserved or supported only by the slavery or depression of the other. In such a country it was peculiarly necessary to establish at least some few incorporated bodies, which might serve as great repositories of popular strength; our ancestors learned from Great Britain to understand their use and importance; in that country they had been hoarded up with the wisest forecast, and preserved with a religious reverence as an unfailing resource against those times of storm, in which it is the will of Providence that all human affairs should sometimes fluctuate; and as such they had been found at once a protection to the people, and a security to the crown. My Lords, it is by the salutary repulsion of popular privilege, that the power of the monarchy is supported in its sphere: withdraw that support, and it falls in ruin upon the people, but it falls in a ruin no less fatal to itself by which it is shivered to pieces.

'Our ancestors must therefore have been sensible, that the enslaved state of the corporation of the metropolis was a mischief that

extended its effects to the remotest borders of the island. In the confederated strength and the united councils of great cities, the freedom of a country may find a safeguard which extends itself even to the remote inhabitant, who never put his foot within their gates.

'But, my Lords, how must these considerations have been enforced by a view of Ireland as a connected country, deprived as it was of almost all the advantages of an hereditary monarchy, the father of his people residing at a ditance, and the paternal beam reflected upon his children through such a variety of *mediums*; sometimes too languidly to warm them; sometimes so intense as to consume; a succession of governors differing from one another in their tempers, in their talents, and in their virtues; and of course in their systems of administration; unprepared in general for rule by any previous institution, and utterly unacquainted with the people they were to govern, and with the men through whose agency they were to act. Sometimes, my Lords, it is true, a rare individual has appeared among us, as if sent by the bounty of Providence, in compassion to human miseries, marked by that dignified simplicity of manly character, which is the mingled result of an enlightened understanding, and an elevated integrity; commanding a respect that he laboured not to inspire, and attracting a confidence which it was impossible he could betray.* It is but eight years, my Lords, since we have seen such a man amongst us, raising a degraded country from the condition of a province, to the rank and consequence of a people, worthy to be the ally of a mighty empire: forming the league that bound her to Great Britain, on the firm and honourable basis of equal liberty and a common fate, standing and falling with the British nation, and thus stipulating for that freedom, which alone contains the principle of her political life in the covenant of her fœderal connection. But how short is the continuance of those auspicious gleams of public sunshine! how soon are they passed, and perhaps for ever! In what rapid and fatal revolution has Ireland seen the talents and the virtues of such men give place to a succession of sordid parade and empty pretension, of bloated promise and lank performance, of austere hypocrisy and peculating œconomy † Hence it is, my Lords, that the administration of Ireland so often presents to the reader of her history, not the view of a legitimate government, but rather of an encampment in the country of a barbarous enemy, where the

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* 'The Duke of Portland, under whose administration Ireland obtained a free constitution.'

† 'The Duke of Rutland and Marquis of Buckingham quickly followed his grace. The first was marked by a love of dissipation, and undignified extravagance. The Marquis, upon his arrival in Ireland, led the country to expect a general retrenchment in the public expences. This expectation was terminated by the creation of fourteen new places, for the purpose of parliamentary influence, countervailed indeed by a curtailment of the fuel allowed to the old soldiers of the royal hospital by the public bounty, and by abortive speculations upon the practicability of making one pair of boots serve for two troopers.'

object of the invader is not government, but conquest; where he is of course obliged to resort to the corrupting of clans or of single individuals, pointed out to his notice by public abhorrence, and recommended to his confidence only by a treachery so rank and consummate, as precludes all possibility of their return to private virtue, or public reliance, therefore only put into authority over a wretched country, condemned to the torture of all that petulant unfeeling asperity, which, with a narrow and malignant mind, will bristle in unmerited elevation, condemned to be betrayed and disgraced, and exhausted by little traitors that have been suffered to nestle and to grow within it, making it at once the source of their grandeur and the victim of their vices, reducing it to the melancholy necessity of supporting their consequence, and of sinking under their crimes, like the lion perishing by the poison of a reptile that finds shelter in the mane of the noble animal, while it is stinging him to death.'

One further extract from the same speech we are induced to add to the foregoing. Under the semblance of describing the character of a former chancellor, Sir Constantine Phipps, the speaker takes the opportunity of pourtraying the intellectual and moral qualities of the chancellor (the Earl of Clare), whom he was then addressing.

'In this very chamber (says he) did the chancellor and judges sit, with all the gravity and affected attention to arguments in favour of that liberty and those rights which they had conspired to destroy. But to what end, my Lords, offer arguments to such men? A little and a peevish mind may be exasperated, but how shall it be corrected by refutation? How fruitless would it have been to represent to that wretched chancellor that he was betraying those rights which he was sworn to maintain, that he was involving a government in disgrace and a kingdom in panic and consternation; that he was violating every sacred duty and every solemn engagement that bound him to himself, his country, his sovereign, and his God! Alas, my Lords, by what argument could any man hope to reclaim or dissuade a mean, illiberal, unprincipled minion of authority, induced by his profligacy to undertake, and bound by his avarice and vanity to persevere? He would probably have replied to the most unanswerable arguments by some curt, contumelious, and unmeaning apophthegm, delivered with the fretful smile of irritated self-sufficiency, and disconcerted arrogance; or even if he could be dragged by his fears to a consideration of the question, by what miracle could the pigmy capacity of a stunted pedant be enlarged to a reception of the subject? The endeavour to approach it would have only removed him to a greater distance than he was before; as a little hand that strives to grasp a mighty globe is thrown back by the reaction of its own effort to comprehend. It may be given to a Hale or a Hardwicke, to discover and retract a mistake; the errors of such men are only specks that rise for a moment, upon the sur-

face of a splendid luminary; consumed by its heat or irradiated by its light, they soon purge and disappear; but the perversenesses of a mean and narrow intellect are like the excrescences that grow upon a body naturally cold and dark; no fire to waste them, and no ray to enlighten, they assimilate and coalesce with those qualities so congenial to their nature, and acquire an incorrigible permanency in the union with kindred frost and kindred opacity. Nor indeed, my Lords, except where the interest of millions can be affected by the folly or the vice of an individual, need it be much regretted that to things not worthy of being made better, it hath not pleased Providence to afford the privilege of improvements.'

We forbear to offer any opinion on the justice or injustice of this bitter invective. It is presented to the reader as a specimen of the speaker's talents in the department of personal satire; and the violent effects which it produced on the feelings of the nobleman against whom it was pronounced, are familiarly known. That nobleman, however, is now no more; and it were but doing bare justice to the sacredness of reputation, to remind our readers of the remorseless violence of party zeal which too frequently prompted the Philippics of Mr. Curran.

The following extracts are taken from the speech in behalf of Mr. Peter Finerty, indicted for a libel. The speaker commences by openly telling the jury that they are packed and prejudiced against the cause.

'Never (says he) did I feel myself so sunk under the importance of any cause; to speak to a question of this kind at any time would require the greatest talents and the most matured deliberation; but to be obliged without either of these advantages to speak to a subject that hath so deeply shaken the feelings of this already irritated and agitated nation is a task that fills me with embarrassment and dismay.

'Neither my learned colleague nor myself received any instruction or license until after the jury were sworn, and we both of us came here under the idea that we should not take any part in the trial. This circumstance I mention not as an idle apology for an effort that cannot be the subject of either praise or censure, but as a call upon you, gentlemen of the jury, to supply the defects of my efforts by a double exertion of your attention.

'Perhaps I ought to regret that I cannot begin with any compliment that will recommend me or my client personally to your favour. A more artful advocate would probably begin his address to you by compliment on your patriotism, and by felicitating his client upon the happy selection of his jury, and upon that unsuspected impartiality in which if he was innocent he must be safe. You must be conscious, gentlemen, that such idle verbiage as that could not convey my sentiments or my client's upon that subject. You know and we know upon what occasion you are come, and by

whom you have been chosen. You are come to try an accusation professedly brought forward by the state, chosen by a sheriff who is appointed by our accuser.

'[Here Mr Attorney-general said the sheriff was elected by the city, and that observation was therefore unfounded.]

'Be it so; I will not stop now to inquire whose property the city may be considered to be, but the learned gentleman seems to forget that the election by that city, to whomsoever it may belong, is absolutely void without the approbation of that very lord lieutenant who is the prosecutor in this case. I do therefore repeat to you, gentlemen, that not a man of you has been called to that box by the voice of my client; that he has had no power to object to a single man among you, though the crown has; and that you yourselves must feel under what influence you are chosen, or for what qualifications you are particularly selected. At a moment when this wretched land is shaken to its centre, by the dreadful conflicts of the different branches of the community; between those who call themselves the partizans of liberty, and those who call themselves the partizans of power; between the advocates of infliction, and the advocates of suffering—upon such a question as the present, and at such a season, can any man be at a loss to guess from what class of character and opinion, a friend to either party would resort for that jury which was to decide between both?'

Mr. Curran proceeds in another part:

'As to the sincerity of the declaration that the state has prosecuted in order to assert the freedom of the press, it starts a train of thought of melancholy retrospect and direful prospect, to which I did not think the learned counsel would have wished to commit your minds. It leads you naturally to reflect at what times, from what motives, and with what consequences the government has displayed its patriotism by these sorts of prosecutions. As to the motives, does history give you a single instance in which the state has been provoked to these conflicts except by the fear of truth and by the love of vengeance? Have you ever seen the rulers of any country bring forward a prosecution, from motives of filial piety, for libels upon their departed ancestors? Do you read that Elizabeth directed any of those state prosecutions against the libels which the divines of her time had written against her catholic sister; or against the other libels which the same gentlemen had written against her protestant father? No, gentlemen, we read of no such thing; but we know she did bring forward a prosecution from motives of personal resentment, and we know that a jury was found time-serving and mean enough to give a verdict which she was ashamed to carry into effect. I said the learned counsel drew you back to the times that have been marked by these miserable conflicts. I see you turn your thoughts to the reign of the second James. I see you turn your eyes to those pages of governmental abandonment, of popular degradation, of expiring liberty, of merciless and sanguinary prosecution; to that miserable

period in which the fallen and abject state of man might have been almost an argument in the mouth of the atheist and the blasphemer, against the existence of an all-just and an all-wise First Cause; if the glorious era of the revolution that followed it, had not refuted the impious inference, by shewing that if man descends, it is not by his own proper motion, that it is with labour and with pain that he can continue to sink only, till, by the force and pressure of the descent, the spring of his immortal faculties acquires that recuperative energy and effort, that hurries him as many miles aloft—he sinks but to rise again. It is at that period that the state seeks shelter, in the destruction of the press; it is in a period like that, that the tyrant prepares for an attack upon the people, by destroying the liberty of the press; by taking away that shield of wisdom and of virtue, behind which the people are invulnerable; in whose pure and polished convex, ere the lifted blow has fallen, he beholds his own image and is turned into stone. It is at those periods, that the honest man dares not speak, because truth is too dreadful to be told; it is then humanity has no ears, because injury has no tongue. It is then the proud man scorns to speak, but like a physician baffled by the wayward excesses of a dying patient, retires indignantly from the bed of an unhappy wretch, whose ear is too fastidious to bear the sound of wholesome advice, whose palate is too debauched to bear the salutary bitter of the medicine which might redeem him, and therefore leaves him to the felonious piety of the slaves that talk to him of life, and strip him before he is cold.'

We shall indulge our readers with one further extract from the same speech;

'I tell you, gentlemen of the jury, it is not with respect to Mr. Orr that your verdict is now sought; you are called upon, on your oaths, to say that the government is wise and merciful, that the people are prosperous and happy, that military law ought to be continued, that the British constitution could not with safety be restored to this country, and that the statements of a contrary import by your advocates in either country were libellous and false. I tell you, these are the questions; and I ask you, Can you have the front to give the expected answer in the face of a community, who knows the country as well as you do? Let me ask you, how could you reconcile with such a verdict, the gaols, the tenders, the gibbets, the conflagrations, the murders, the proclamations, that we hear of every day in the streets and see every day in the country? What are the processions of the learned counsel himself circuit after circuit? Merciful God! what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land? You may find him perhaps in a gaol, the only place of security, I had almost said, of ordinary habitation; you may see him flying by the conflagrations of his own dwelling; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country; or he may be found tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests, less savage than his persecutors, that

drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home. And yet with these facts ringing in the ears and staring in the face of the prosecutor, you are called upon to say, on your oaths, that these facts do not exist. You are called upon in defiance of shame, of truth, of honour to deny the sufferings under which you groan, and to flatter the persecution that tramples you under foot.

'But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as *informers*. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us and every man of you knows by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory. I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this commission from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths, that they had come from the very seat of government, from the Castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over those catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

'Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave; while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death—a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent: there was an antidote—a juror's oath—but even that adamantine chain that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim:

'Et quæ sibi quisque timebat.
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.'

After the perusal of these extracts, (which are a few only among the many brilliant and pathetic passages contained in the volume before us,) it were superfluous to exhort our readers to study every one of the speeches which are there recorded. We pledge ourselves for an ample return of profit and delight, to those who may undertake the task; but we decline the office of pointing out merits too conspicuous to pass unnoticed by the most careless observer, or of expatiating on excellencies which have been acknowledged and admired from the moment when they appeared. Panegyric were useless, and criticism is already forestalled. We content ourselves therefore with performing the humbler but more essential duty of introducing this volume to the notice of our readers, and earnestly recommending them to cultivate a further acquaintance with its intrinsic beauties.

It can hardly be deemed necessary in these days to warn our readers to prepare themselves to be sometimes surprized, and sometimes offended, with the extravagancies of political fervour, which are mingled with the more valuable parts of Mr. Curran's addresses. They, however, whose zeal or whose prejudices are too powerful to be surmounted by their admiration of eloquence, may spare themselves the trouble of opening the volume. But the number of such persons, we trust, is few.

We cannot conclude without expressing our disgust at the shameful prodigality and matchless effrontery of adulation, which the anonymous editor has poured forth in the preface; nor can we repress our censure of the unprecedented trick of attaching to this volume the speech of another orator, printed in a type and form different from the work itself.

Art. VI.—*Travels in Trinidad, during the Months of February, March, and April,* 1803, *in a Series of Letters, addressed to a Member of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain. Illustrated with a Map of the Island. By Pierre F. Macallum.* 8*vo. pp.* 254. Liverpool. 1[illegible].

THIS volume of Letters is of a very peculiar cast, and under the pretence of giving a view of the settlement of Trinidad, is in reality for the greater part occupied with the discussion of some most extraordinary transactions which have occurred in the administration of that island. The consideration of these circumstances would not only prove very interesting to the public at large, and tend somewhat to their instruction, and greatly to their amusement, but

would afford ground for some discussions regarding the most proper method of governing those possessions which have fallen beneath the fortune of the British arms. But as a great part of this subject is now under the consideration of more formidable tribunals than those of taste, our strictures must necessarily be restrained within those narrow bounds which are prescribed by the customary delicacy of avoiding every appearance of endeavouring to influence the public mind before trial.

Mr. Pierre, or, as we should suppose he was styled before his emigration from the mountains of Caledonia, Peter Macallum, is a man of high life: he announces his correspondent as a member of the Imperial Parliament, and assures us he has in former days condescended to upbraid him with the epistolary crime of laziness. We cannot discover, however, many symptoms of parliamentary language in his composition, which is devoid of elegance, and besprinkled with various uncouth scraps of pedantic Latin, furbished up from some melancholy remnant of a grammar. This member of the senate must feel highly gratified by the familiarity of the Dear Sir, which emblazons the front of these ill composed Letters, and hug himself in the cautious prudence which has guarded from public view the mystery of his name.

In the commencement of these Letters, Mr. Macallum makes his appearance on the ocean during a voyage from America to Trinidad, employing his leisure in making 'cursory observations on his unfortunate friend General Toussaint,' from whom he digresses to abuse the New Englanders for selfishness and avarice. He next touches at Barbadoes, and his attention is there arrested by a deaf governor, numerous cats, and swarms of old women. Leaving that island, on which we are assured there have been many civilized savages, Mr. M. next morning descried Tobago, on which he descants for two pages without saying any thing very remarkable, if we except the observation that the mud of the Oronoko discolours the sea so far as the strait between Trinidad and Tobago, in which instance it can hardly be doubted that the *debris* of the American continent is carried far beyond its shores, and must be deposited in the depths of the Atlantic. After a due interval of time and paper, we are ushered into the 'Puerto de Espana,' and have the additional satisfaction of being introduced to Governor Picton, under the title of Don Thomas Picton. In this respect we are more honoured than was our author himself, who was allowed to kick his heels, and number the extremities of his paws in the audience-chamber, without receiving even the

gracious encouragement of a smile from that personage. We know not whether this arose from the insignificance of Mr. M. or from some ferocious fit of incivility in the governor, but thenceforward that officer is stigmatised in terms which our sense of justice forbids us to repeat without the strongest authority. Of these expressions we have only at present to remark, that the views of malignity are defeated by their very virulence, and the severity of just reprobation is counteracted by the intemperance of its language. What then shall we say of 'a mighty prætor whose knife was set in oil that it might cut the deeper, and (who) never hesitated to engulf the reeking blade into the warm bowels of a fellow-creature, nor to pour aquafortis into the bleeding wound in order to provoke the innocent object to a state of madness?' Surely if such assertions are just, there needed only to have stated the bare facts, which would outvalue a million of such metaphorical comments; but if here exists one shade of exaggeration, no language can sufficiently reprobate this base assassination of the character of another.

In the first part of this volume, a little attention is bestowed by the author upon the island of Trinidad itself. From physical considerations, however, he soon flies to declaim in terms of no moderate violence on the predilection of General Picton for the foreigners, and his hatred to the British under his command. The erection of forts and barracks is next represented as a folly calculated, as Mr. M. observes with a wise air, to benefit *some* folks. 'Poor John Bull! (groans out this gentleman,) I have seen, on my travels, much, too much of thy hard earnings squandered away on many a foolish project in this as well as in other colonies.' From these unpleasing suggestions, we are now led to contemplate Mr. M.'s approach to Colonel Fullarton, as he advanced to whom, 'a secret satisfaction *unaccountably* stole across his mind.' But, according to our author, it is not for mortals always to be blest; and from our pleasing reverie on the subject of Colonel Fullarton, we are roused to listen to the execrations bestowed with a liberal pen on the negro regiments, which Mr. M. regards as threatening a terrible destruction to the country that has nurtured them. The policy of raising black corps is certainly extremely questionable, and nothing could for a moment justify or render in the smallest degree tolerable, the existence of armed slaves, but the pestiferous diseases, that with a rapidity formerly unknown, sweep away whole ranks, nay battalions, of the unfortunate Europeans destined to encounter these inhospitable climates. It has been held forth indeed, that

that the imprudence of the sufferers is more in fault than the unhealthiness of these tropical regions. Yet while the truth of that assertion may be safely contested by those who have seen the young and the old, the cautious and the rash, the male and the female, almost equally sink beneath the overwhelming violence of disease, that country is as formidable as the most sickly, where the healthiness of our troops is to depend on their prudence, a quality never yet found among the privates of a British army.

But Mr. M. after exhausting himself in invectives against the employment of black forces, suddenly extends his view to the dangers which have always, and do now more terribly than ever threaten the West India islands, in the present state of alarm from the enormous over-proportion of their black to their white population. To remove or to lessen this danger is a political problem of the most momentous importance. Nor can any change be safely attempted without the concurrence of the landed proprietors, to obtain which seems one of the principal difficulties of the case. They, deeply interested in the event of every measure, regard through the distorting medium of fear, the proposal of the gradual emancipation of their slaves, and prefer the present goods of unlimited authority and depopulating labour, to the lesser but more permanent advantages of a secure establishment. With all these circumstances before our eyes, to settle a new island with the same formidable race, seems to Mr. Macallum a procedure of the most absurd nature and fatal tendency; and since it would not be an easy matter to persuade the nation of the propriety of keeping a valuable possession unpeopled and uncultivated, he proposes to reconcile all difficulties and all parties by a scheme which has at least the merit of novelty. This is nothing less than to transport a due number of his Gaelic compatriots to the western hemisphere, and to relieve the Highlands of Scotland of their superfluous inhabitants in order to people the sugar estates and coffee plantations of Trinidad. To the execution of this proposal the obstructions are not few, nor little formidable. We shall mention only three, and when these are removed, it will be time enough to come forward with more: First of all, the Highlanders would not go; secondly, if they went, they would die in multitudes; and lastly, if they went and lived, they could not bear the fatigue of working exposed to the fervour of a tropical sun. To assert that the Scotch Highlanders can bear the heats of the West Indies, and labour there as the negroes now do, because the Assyrians, the Medes, and the Persians, overran the dominions

of Asia, because the Phœnicians possessed the whole commerce of the ancients, or because the Palmyrenians, the Carduchi, and the Parthians for a time displayed the virtues or the courage of the northern races, is to bid adieu to all ideas of just reasoning, and all recollection of the geographical situation of countries. What! does it follow that, because our troops survive the heat of Hindostan, they may with equal safety brave the pestilential air of our West Indian islands? Does not that very fact demonstrate that mere heat is not the only enemy of Europeans in these climates, and that no argument drawn from the practices of the east can be applied to the different circumstances of the west? It is indeed but too true, that dangers yet more formidable than those of the latitude and the climate, contribute their fatal influence to extend the mortality: it is unfortunately not deniable that daily victims fall before the lashes of negro drivers, debauchery, intoxication, lust, even the vilest incest. What will the unadulterated mind think of the boast of more than one planter, that he has washed a negro white; that he alone being the father, has, from a negro woman, produced by repeated incestuous connection with his own offspring, a being for whose atrocious race no language has provided a name, and who cannot be distinguished from an European in external appearance?

In some of the letters in the first part of the volume we perceive notice of many interesting subjects regarding the natural history of Trinidad, which are sufficiently important to deserve the perusal of the curious. That island, it has been long known, contains a bituminous lake, of which an account is here given, not from the author's personal observations, but by quoting a description of it by Dr. Anderson. This is certainly *ingenuous*, and better than vamping up a long narrative in his own name, of things never seen by him; but it would have been still more satisfactory, had our author extended his journey to the vicinity of the lake. This mass of Petroleum, we are informed, first appeared about seventy years ago, occupying the place of a spot of land which sunk suddenly: though called a lake, it is not liquid as might be supposed, unless for an inch on the surface, and that only in the warmest weather. Its depth is unknown, no substratum having been found. Mr. M. has also given ample details, with tedious and useless botanical descriptions of the various fruits which chiefly deserve notice in Trinidad. Many other circumstances are noticed, but our author appears in a great hurry to get another pull at his friend Picton, who is ever and anon kept in mind of his approach-

ing fate by a growl at some instances of his oppressive conduct. At last the battle fairly commences in the eighth letter, and successive vollies of abuse are discharged at the unfortunate governor, who here stands a defenceless aim to his enemies. So deeply important are the accusations brought forward, that we feel it impossible in the present circumstances to take any cognizance of them. The lovers of the horrible and the extraordinary will here find food for their passion; and the politician ample scope for the exercise of his judgment. Our jurisdiction, however, extends not beyond the regions of folly; where crimes are in question, we must bow to the laws of our country, nor venture by ill-timed observations, or necessarily inaccurate opinions, to bias the minds of those to whom the high determination will belong; perhaps it had been well that Mr. Macallum also had postponed his statement of facts, or presented his first and unwritten thoughts to the consideration of a jury. In these circumstances, however, all parts of these last letters are not found. We may except a great deal of the author's account of his own imprisonment, and repeated examinations before commissioners Picton and Hood. We must own that according to Mr. M.'s own statement, the insolence of his behaviour was so great to these gentlemen, that a similar line of conduct would have procured him a lodgement within the walls of a prison, in the freest country in the universe. That he received previous provocations, or that he was unjustly imprisoned, or otherwise hardly dealt with, granting it to be true that these things were so, could form no excuse for such open contempt of the constituted authorities. We only wonder that the vengeance of such a man as General Picton is represented to have been, was restrained within bounds so narrow as to be satisfied with the imprisonment and banishment of our author, or that the despotic temper of a naval commander habituated to obedience, bore to be twitted with the insolence of a schoolboy's impertinence. These instances surely add little to the probability of Mr. M.'s story. That gentleman's career being thus ended in Trinidad, the volume is closed with an account of the extraordinary banishment of Colonel Fullarton, by the other commissioners from Trinidad, and his re-establishment by the royal mandate; to which are added the proclamations of both parties, and the addresses presented successively to the different commissioners by the partisans of each.

Three appendices conclude the work now before us. The second of these is entitled 'The Horrors of West India Slavery,' and is by far the most interesting part perhaps of the

whole book, though it owes its merit not so much to Mr. Macallum, as to the fidelity of its extraction from the records of the House of Commons. Lord Seaforth is governor of Barbadoes, and in a letter to Lord Hobart, laid before parliament, observes that the assembly of that island had taken offence at him, for recommending to them to make the murder of a slave, felony; at present the fine for that crime is only *eleven pounds four shillings.* Lord Seaforth's laudable attempts have not yet been successful, and from his communications, Mr. M. has extracted the account of several instances of extraordinary barbarity, which are in every respect so curious, that we shall give them in his own words to the reader.

'On the 10th of April 1804, a militia man of the name of Halls, of the St. Michael's regiment, (in Barbadoes) returning from military duty, overtook on the road some negroes, who were going quietly home from their labour. When he came near he called out that he would kill them, and immediately began to run after them. The negroes not supposing that he really intended to do them any injury, and imagining that he was in joke, did not endeavour to escape, but merely made way for him. The person nearest to him happened to be a woman, the property of a Mr. Clarke, the owner of Simmon's estate, who is stated to have been a valuable slave, the mother of five or six children, and far advanced in pregnancy. *Without the smallest provocation of any kind, Halls coolly and deliberately plunged his bayonet several times into her body, when the poor creature dropped and expired without a groan.* Two gentlemen were eye-witnesses of this horrid action, one of them, Mr. Harding, the manager of Codrington college estate, went up to Halls and spoke harshly to him, and said he ought to be hanged, for he never saw a more unprovoked murder, and that he would certainly carry him before a magistrate. Halls's reply is very remarkable. '*For what?*' said he with the utmost indifference as to the crime; '*for what?* FOR KILLING A NEGRO!!!'

That this quotation may not extend so far as to prevent another more interesting, we shall in our own words state that it was found impossible to inflict on this wretch any other punishment than a fine of eleven pounds four shillings, and imprisonment till it was paid; nay, it is supposed that Halls may lay an action of damages for his commitment before a recovery of the fine!

There are two other instances of the most barbarous and wanton cruelty, one of which we now proceed to quote, leaving the other to afford food for that curiosity, and fuel for that indignation, which we will not doubt that we have excited.

'The second instance produced by Lord Seaforth is not inferior

in atrocity to the first. A Mr. Colbeck, who lives overseer on the Cabbage-tree plantation, in St. Lucy's parish, *had bought a new negro boy out of the yard,* (meaning the slave yard, where negroes are exposed to sale, in the same manner as cattle and sheep in the Smithfield market,) and carried him home. Conceiving a liking to the boy, he took him into the house, and made him wait at table. Mr. Crone, the overseer of Rowe's estate, which is near to Cabbage-tree plantation, was in the habit of visiting Mr. Colbeck, *had noticed the boy, and knew him well.* A fire happened one night in the neighbourhood, Colbeck went to give his assistance, and the boy followed him. Colbeck, on his return home, missed the boy, who had lost his way; and as he did not make his appearance the next day, he sent round to his neighbours, and particularly to Crone, informing him, that his African lad had strayed, that he could not speak a word of English, and possibly he might be found breaking some sugar-canes, or taking something else for his support; in which case he requested they would not injure him, but send him home, and he would pay any damage the boy might have committed. After a lapse of two or three days, the poor creature was discovered in a gully, (or deep water-course) near to Rowe's estate; and a number of negroes were soon assembled about the place. The boy naturally terrified with the threats, the noise, and the appearance of so many people, retreated into a hole in the rock, having a stone in his hand for the purpose probably of defence. By this time Crone, and some other white persons had come up. *By their orders a fire was put to the hole where the boy lay, who when he began to be scorched, ran from his hiding place into a pool of water which was near.* Some of the negroes pursued him into the pool; and the boy, it is said, threw the stone which he held in his hand at one of them. On this, two of the white men, Crone and Hollingsworth, *fired at the boy several times with shot, and the negroes pelted him with stones. He was at length dragged out of the pool in a dying condition; for he had not only received several bruises from the stones, but his breast was so pierced with the shot, that it was like a cullender.* The white savages, (this is the language of Mr. Attorney Beccles,) ordered the negroes to dig a grave. *Whilst they were digging it, the poor creature made signs begging for water, which was not given him; but as soon as the grave was dug, he was thrown into it, and covered over,* and as is believed, WHILE YET ALIVE. Colbeck, the owner of the boy, hearing that a negro had been killed, went to Crone to inquire into the truth of the report. Crone *told him that a negro had been killed, but assured him that it was not his, for he knew him well,* and he need not be at the trouble of opening the grave. On this Colbeck *went away* SATISFIED. Receiving, however, further information, he returned and had the grave opened, when he found the murdered negro to be his own. Colbeck brought his action of damages in the courts of the island against Crone and Hollingsworth. The cause was ready to be tried, and the court had met for the purpose, when they thought proper to pay double the value of the boy, and 25l. for the use of the Island, (being 5l. less than the penalty fixed by the law of 15l.

currency each,) rather than suffer the business to go to a hearing. "This I am truly sorry to say," observes the advocate-general, "*was the only punishment which could be inflicted for so barbarous and atrocious a crime.*"

'This horrid recital, which is given almost in the words of the report, merely avoiding repetition, seems to require little comment. One circumstance of it, however, may not strike the minds of some readers with its due force, although it appears to be the most affecting part of the whole case. Colbeck, it is said, on hearing that it was not his slave who had been murdered, *went away satisfied.* O most opprobrious satisfaction! The preceding part of the narrative had prepared us to expect in Colbeck some approximation to European feeling. But what is the fact? On being coolly told that a negro had been killed and buried—told so by his neighbour the murderer, is he shocked? Does he express any horror or indignation on the occasion? No! he goes away *satisfied!!* Let the reader give its due weight to this one circumstance, and he will be convinced that a state of society must exist in the West Indies, of which, as an inhabitant of this island, he can scarcely form any adequate conception. Suppose, instead of a negro slave, that it had been a horse which had been thus killed. Colbeck, had his horse happened to be missing at the time, would have pursued exactly the same steps, and would have been affected in the same way as in the present instance. We may also learn from this impressive circumstance the value of West Indian testimony when given in favour of West Indian humanity. The moral perceptions and feelings which prevail in that quarter of the world, it will be perceived, are wholly different from those on this side of the Atlantic. It may be allowed that these men mean what they say when they give each other the praise of humanity. But examine their standard. Who is this man of humanity? It is one who, hearing that a fellow creature had been cruelly and wantonly murdered, *goes away satisfied*, because he himself has sustained no loss by the murder! An exception may be admitted in favour of a few men of enlightened minds; but the remark applies to the *people*—to the bulk of the community, whose prejudices are stated by Lord Seaforth to be so horribly absurd, as to resist all measures for remedying this dreadful state of things.'

The authenticity of this account is unfortunately too certain to admit of doubt; and he who wishes for further details of atrocity, may have his wishes gratified by the perusal of the work itself. Barbadoes certainly is behind the other colonies in the enactment of laws even approaching to a system of humanity. But we fear Mr. M. has good grounds for his assertion, that even in those islands where less revolting regulations exist, the laws in favour of negroes are far from being religiously obeyed. Such at least appear to be the sentiments of General Prevost, who considers an

act passed in his island of Dominica for the encouragement and protection of slaves, as a political measure to prevent the interference of the mother country. This neglected act, however, contained provisions of the most salutary nature, not less beneficial to the slave than to the master, whose benefit and advantage are and ought to be identified, though the wrong-headed despotism of the whites will bear no good that does not flow from their sovereign will and pleasure. Yet if these principles continue to be persisted in, the day will come, nor can its date be very remote, when the planter will in vain regret that he has failed to obtain the attachment of his negroes, that he has added the stimulus of ill usage to the native disposition to rebellion, and drawn a too uneven balance between the benefits of sparing comforts and most miserable protection, on the one hand; and on the other, the view of liberty and independence, clouded though it must be by the horrors of a sanguinary insurrection.

Mr. Macallum's style appears to considerable advantage from the above quoted specimens of his work. In these extracts we observe a decent correctness of language not destitute of energy. But so very different, so far inferior are the letters which form the main part of this volume, that we can hardly imagine the same author to have produced them both. Of the rules of grammar Mr. M. seems to have very obscure notions. The first clause of a sentence is frequently more connected to the last by proximity of situation than by any other discoverable rule; and many a nominative is left to bewail its separation from its verbal partner. This work also may afford great help to the next editor of the lexicographical Johnson, who may here descry a host of words which never before appeared above the horizon of letters. These children of our author's brain, however, unlike the luminaries which adorn the natural sky, diffuse a darkness visible, and are sometimes no less difficult to comprehend than to pronounce. 'Ablocating prostitutes,' we now learn for the first time is the vile practice of hiring out female slaves in order to participate in the profits of their iniquities. Providence, we are informed, visibly interposed at one period to *procrastinate* our author's life. One happy morsel we quote entire from page 84, for the consideration of our critical readers. Mr. Macallum is employed in portraying the hardships to which the highlanders of Scotland are subjected, when he observes,

'The labourer by numerous *privations of diligent industry*, can scarcely succeed to acquire a moment's ease, before a melancholy

presage of the future intervenes, and *siderates* his fugitive delights. An increasing family and old age approaching, enervate the arm that must shortly *succumb* in the combat he has yet to wage; poverty and all its concomitant train of evils, prey deeply on his mind, and prevent a *ray* of happiness from *smiling* in his *lancinated* imagination.'

Mr. Macallum's *rays* are really very merry, and have in these melancholy times, the happy power of spreading the contagion of laughter. He ought to be advised, however, to attend more faithfully to the motto prefixed to his volume, in despite of which sensible admonition, he has entangled himself in a snare of hard words which he has partly misspelt and partly misapplied, of metaphors of which he knows neither the meaning nor the use, and of strange uncouth combinations of letters, which he has rashly mistaken for English. A plain unaffected narrative may be homely, but cannot prove absurd: and nothing is more foolish, and few things more tiresome, than never-ceasing and abortive attempts at flowery language and learned expressions.

ART. VII.—*A general View of the Writings of Linnæus, by Richard Pulteney, M. D. F. R. S. The Second Edition, with Corrections, considerable Additions, and Memoirs of the Author, by Wm. George Maton, M. D. F. R. S. F. S. A. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and a Vice-President of the Linnæan Society of London. To which is annexed, a Diary of Linnæus, written by himself, and now translated into English from the Swedish Manuscript in the Possession of the Editor.* 4*to.* *pp.* 596. Mawman. 1805.

SO great was the merit of Linnæus, that the eye of the naturalist is irresistibly arrested by the appearance of his name, connected especially as it is in the present volume, with the account of his writings by Dr. Pulteney, and the publication of his diary composed by himself, and authenticated by apparently respectable evidence. Yet these feelings of impatience to proceed to the inspection of these memoirs, are not without the alloy of the caution of experience, which, as the bride declared to her husband with more candour than wisdom, has been too often cheated before, to give any more trust. In truth, so frequent and ample has been the disappointment that has checked our springing sentiments of approbation, that we are more disposed in these days of gorgeous quartos to expect the slavish and undis-

criminating admiration of illustrious men, whom it is now safe to praise, or that slavering fondness which has become the diversion of the public, and the delight of biographers, than the philosophic spirit which commends with caution, and censures with reluctance.' Linnæus was professor of botany and medicine at Upsal. It is wonderful with what respect the eyes of some men regard the insignia of learning, the gown, and the chair. We remember actually to have seen a member of a northern seminary, who, after having himself attained the professional honours, was heard to declare with irresistible gravity, that he had imbibed in his youth such an awe and veneration for all professors, that he believed it would never leave him. The endless spinning out of the thread of a dull narrative, the prolix particularity, the nauseous magnification of trifles, has already found so many patrons among the able and the learned, that we are happy to announce to our readers that the author and editor of this work have not fallen so much into this error as might have been reasonably feared, and that it is in the Diary of Linnæus himself that the most censurable passages of this sort are to be found. These the editor has, with good judgment, presented to the inspection of the public unaltered. And if a little exuberance of vanity of the most harmless and almost amiable character, does occasionally shadow the pages of the father of botany, what acrid spirit will pursue these trivial blemishes, or discern with an eye too perspicacious, these specks on the sun which has illuminated the three kingdoms of nature?

In this republication, the new parts are neither very numerous nor very ample. Some few additions have been made to the 'General View of the Writings of Linnæus.' The arrangement has been rendered more strictly chronological; the abstracts of the Systema Naturæ have been completed, which before were only partial, and notice has been taken of the classification of the materia medica, and of the volumes of the Amœnitates Academicæ, which had not appeared at the time of Dr. Pulteney's writing. These additions seem very proper in themselves, and are executed with a reasonable share of ability on the part of the present editor. Besides these specimens of his exertions, the volume is augmented by a life of Dr. Pulteney, and a translation of the Diary of Linnæus from the original Swedish by the assistance of a friend, Dr. Maton's university learning not having condescended to the knowledge of the Gothic dialects.

The Memoirs of Dr. Richard Pulteney are faced by a fair

and comely delineation of his countenance, regarding with complacent feature an opened volume, probably the very former edition of his own work, and casting a side glance of approbation at a most grave and well finished suit, terminated at the wrists by frills of smooth-ironed folds, in imitation, we cannot doubt, of the monapetalous and rotated corolla of the botanists. The original of this portrait was, we are informed, like all geniuses, inspired in his very infancy with the love of his future pursuits, and though bound by legal chains to the mortar of an apothecary, he contrived to escape into the fields, where he examined the very dirt and weeds 'with the most lively curiosity.' Notwithstanding the force of this ruling passion, Dr. P. appears to have had good success in his labours at the pestle, since we find him at the very expiration of his apprenticeship pounding his own drugs in the town of Leicester. We gather, however, that his occupation was not the most constant in the world, and that his Calvinistic brethren prefered the comforts of prayers to those of boluses; while the higher bred episcopalians despised altogether the stuff of a presbyterian apothecary. Botany, however, by her secret charms, soothed the pangs of professional mortification, and the Gentleman's Magazine was swelled by numerous articles, the fruits of the ardour and idleness of Dr. Pulteney. These papers are enumerated by Dr. Maton with a tedious care, and we confess we would rather believe than read the list. These communications, however, with some others by the Royal Society, procured for Dr. P. the honour of the acquaintance of various men of science and rank, by whom he was at length persuaded that his situation in his profession was unequal to his merits, and that he ought to apply for the doctorate, which we are informed his great humility had previously prevented him from coveting. For this purpose he proceeded to Edinburgh, where the ancient practice of bestowing academical honours on those who had never studied regularly, was almost abolished. Dr. Pulteney, not without a most serious and, in our opinion, most commendable opposition from the body of students, obtained his object, and was crowned with the doctor's cap. Notwithstanding the degree of merit which may form some pretext of excuse for the irregular promotion of this gentleman, we reflect with satisfaction that a repetition of these circumstances even in favour of the most learned, can no longer take place, and it were well if the two more northern universities would adopt a regulation no less required by their own regard for character than by the demands of public interest. The English nation has long beheld with astonishment and

indignation, the most notorious quacks boasting the sanction of a Scottish college, and offering their diplomas for the inspection of the sceptical and the ridicule of the inquisitive. While such practices continue, their efforts for distinction, if indeed they make any, will be in vain, and the few and scandalous fees which their interested professors may receive, will be purchased by the sacrifice of every upright and honourable feeling, and by a proportional loss of other branches of emolument.

Having in this manner obtained the degree of Doctor of Physic, Dr. Pulteney proceeded to London, where, after a due consultation of the family tree, he was declared a relation of the Earl of Bath, and appointed his physician with a handsome salary, which, however, he enjoyed only for a year, at the end of that period losing his patron by death. In consequence of this misfortune, he retired from the metropolis to practise at Blandford in Dorsetshire, where he speedily acquired a considerable reputation and an increasing income. In this situation, his frequent excursions through the country, afforded him the opportunity of prosecuting his favourite science, and the Gentleman's Magazine no longer appearing sufficiently capacious to contain his extended conceptions, he ushered himself into public notice as the disciple of Linnæus, by his General View of the Writings of that philosopher. This work, Dr. Maton informs us with an air of admiration, was all sold in four years, though we are prudently kept in the dark as to the size of the impression. Previous to this publication, we now for the first time learn, that naturalists and botanists were considered by the bulk of the people as superficial triflers, like the collectors of curiosities, and were treated as objects of ridicule rather than respect. But Dr. Pulteney's 'View' removed this obscuring and envious cloud from the lovers of natural science in England; it is no wonder then that Dr. Maton should worship with blind reverence at the shrine of his late friend. He may now (thanks to Dr. Pulteney,) hold his head far aloof from the chasers of butterflies, or the gatherers of two-headed heifers, and five-legged sheep: he may now with holy contempt, survey the race of virtuosos who inundate our land, and beset our auction-rooms, hunting with rapacious eagerness after every thing that is monstrous, or rare, or antique. It would have been hard indeed that a Vice-president of the Linnæan Society should have ranked no higher than a collector of mummies. A certain poet, however, has scarcely done the Doctor more justice than once did the bulk of the people:

Physician art thou? one all eyes.
 Philosopher? a fingering slave:
One who would pore, and botanise
 Upon his mother's grave.

Thus it is with the world, that what one admires, another disregards; and he is the wisest who wonders least and despises none at all.

Dr. Pulteney afterwards published, in 1790, his Historical and Biographical Sketches of the Progress of Botany in England, of which the second volume was dedicated to that distinguished man, Dr. Garthshore, in company with Sir George Baker. This work was intended by its author to have contained an English Flora, in an abbreviated form, with notices of the place of growth, time of flowering, &c. of every plant. From that idea, however, which seems to have nothing very profound in its conception, or difficult in its execution, Dr. P. was dissuaded 'by some persons who understood the art of book-making better than himself:' we fervently believe Dr. Maton has had advice from the same quarter. This work is spoken of in the life, in terms of much admiration; and it is asserted that it would undoubtedly, according to Dr. Pulteney's own hope and opinion, have been republished with many improvements, but for the singular reason of the first edition not being yet sold. We cannot follow the many minute particulars of Dr. Pulteney's life, which are here recorded: it may be sufficient to remark, that the Doctor appears to have spent many years in active employment in his profession, with good reputation and prudent profit. His love of science brought him occasionally to London, and his love of money drew him back to the country, where he probably did more good both as a physician, and a natural philosopher, than he would have done in the more extensive circles of the metropolis. At length, a final period was put to his labours by an attack of inflammation of the lungs, of which he died in the seventy-second year of his age, leaving an affluent fortune. Among his bequests, we notice that of his museum to the Linnæan society, upon condition either of its being kept separate from all other collections, or of being sold, and the produce dedicated to the purchase of a medal, to be presented annually to the author of the best botanical paper, read to the society. Thus do the petty feelings of vanity look beyond the awful period of death, and the self-gratification of the testator is guarded almost from his own view by an imposing veil of beneficence, or public spirit. The life is concluded by an eulogium, of which we cannot pretend to determine the

justice. It is, however, sufficiently ample even for the fervency of friendly enthusiasm; though some excuse for a little exaggeration may be found in the universal practice of biographers, whose extatic praises few read, and none believe.

The next part of the work before us, 'the general View of the Writings of Linnæus,' has been long known and esteemed by the scientific world, and it was undoubtedly, when first published, a valuable compendium of botanical knowledge. At that time it was useful in a manner in which it cannot now operate, by drawing attention to the writings of the Swedish philosopher. The name of none of the favourite sons of science is at present, however, more known in this country than that of Linnæus. So far therefore this work can no longer afford the same advantages as at a former period; and arguing on these grounds, we have heard some censure thrown out upon the republication of Dr. Pulteney's 'View.' But to us it appears that a more ample consideration of the question will shew that there is still great benefit to be derived from this performance, which it cannot be doubted compresses into a moderate bulk, we wish we could add at a moderate price, a great deal of most useful information respecting the science of botany. He who can and will, may no doubt draw the greater part of this knowledge from the fountain-head of Linnæus' writings. But while inability to procure a variety of expensive works, and want of time or activity to consult them, retard the studies of so great a proportion of mankind, we feel disposed to receive with gratitude the assistance of an able compendium. Upon the whole, we cannot refuse to Dr. Maton a due share of credit for his additions and corrections to this part of the volume, which, though not without errors and inaccuracies, is altogether very respectably executed, and may now really be called with justice a *general* View of the Writings of Linnæus, since it contains a notice of every work of that immortal botanist. Having already extended our observations on the life of Dr. Pulteney to a considerable length, and proposing to bestow some attention on the 'Diary' of Linnæus, we are unable to enter into minute details of this part of the work, to do which indeed is here the less necessary, that this part is the one which contains the least novelty, and regarding which the public opinion has been long settled.

The most singular and most important division of the present volume, is that which has been styled by the editor, the Diary of Linnæus, though for what reason we do

not pretend to discover, since so far from containing a notice of every day's transaction, months and years are passed over without the 'rude memorial' of a line. Not being willing, however, to dispute about the meaning or application of a word, we shall leave Dr. Maton in quiet possession of his Diary. With regard to the appearance of this relict of the father of botany at so late a period as the present, we have the following account given by the editor in his preface. At the latter end of the year 1799, M. Fredenheim, son of Dr. Menander, Archbishop of Upsala, conveyed to Robert Gordon, Esq. merchant at Cadiz, a number of manuscripts to be printed in England. Mr. Gordon dying, however, the publication did not take place in the manner intended, but the manuscripts were *disposed* of (could they be sold ?) to Dr. Maton, with the consent of M. Fredenheim's heirs. Among these papers was found a folio manuscript book, in Swedish, entitled, Vita Caroli Linnæi, to which are affixed, in the inside, M. Fredenheim's coat of arms. So far it is well, though we do not learn by what means the archbishop's son does not bear his father's name. Our ignorance of Swedish customs, however, prevents us from resting much weight upon this objection. Let us proceed with the account of the circumstances in which this Diary is presented to the public as an authentic document. A memorandum is extracted from the Swedish manuscript, by M. Fredenheim, which states that Linnæus, in 1770, sent to Archbishop Menander, his Curriculum vitæ, which we suppose means the Diary, though it has already been styled the 'Vita Caroli Linnæi.' It is also asserted in some very complex and obscure sentences, to have been dictated by Linnæus himself, and partly translated into Latin by the archbishop. Some extracts of copies of letters are likewise given, in one of which, Linnæus appears to have sent this Diary, in 1762, to his friend, in another not till 1770, and this inconsistency is the most striking circumstance of the doubt-exciting kind that we perceive. The manuscript itself also is chiefly written, as Dr Maton asserts, by Dr. Lindwall, a pupil of Linnæus, but different hand-writing may be discerned. On these grounds rests the authenticity of this production ; and though some stumbling circumstances may be pointed out, they are not so great as wholly to invalidate the authority of the Diary, though sufficient to give reason for some suspicion. Nor are we sure that, upon the whole, the proving of the authenticity of this Diary will add greatly to the honor of its composer, though the public will without all question,

from motives not always the purest, relish the entertainment.

After an introduction describing the native place and ancestors of Linnæus, which passage, we suppose, is Dr. Maton's addition, the birth of the hero of the tale is announced with minute particularity, as having happened between 12 and 1 o'clock in the night dividing the $\frac{12}{22}$ and $\frac{13}{22}$ of May, 1707, which in a style resembling that of the modern French calendar, is described as a delightful season between the months of *frondescense* and *florescence*. His botanical turn of mind is ridiculously stated to have commenced when he was four years of age, and some tolerable praises are bestowed on his infantile abilities. In due time, he was put to school, and bitter complaints are made of his ardour being changed to disgust by the severities of his masters. These severities, no doubt, have their just bounds, but we believe more learning has been whipped into boys than was ever whipped out of them. Linnæus, however, proceeding from school to the gymnasium, still persisted in his preference of the study of natural science, and his neglect of the theological pursuits for which he was intended, and in consequence he narrowly escaped being sent by his father to be apprenticed to a shoemaker. Having, however, happily avoided this fate, he speedily became distinguished for his progress in science and his backwardness in other knowledge, and was sent to the university with a very scurvy certificate implying that he had done so ill at the gymnasium, that his only chance was to try another method of instruction.

Linnæus then went to the University of Lund, which he afterwards quitted for that of Upsal, where he lived in great poverty, eat when he could, and patched his own shoes with folded paper. By an accident he became acquainted with Celsius, who received him into his house and relieved him from the pressure of want. He then began to obtain pupils, and formed connections with the most rising men of the university; in a short time also he was appointed to lecture on botany. This situation, however, by envy and intrigue was rendered unpleasant to our author, and he accepted the offer of going to Lapland, for the purpose of making observations and discoveries in natural knowledge. This journey he performed, and after running great risks and suffering many hardships, on his return to Stockholm he was presented by the academy of sciences with ten pounds. Linnæus then obtained an exhibition of five pounds a year, and delivered lectures on assaying at seven shillings a head, by which means he succeeded in attracting a numerous

audience. From this employment, however, he was dislodged by the envy of Dr. Rosen, and was obliged to accept the governor of Dalarne's offer, to travel in that province, which occupied him for a little time. By the advice of his friends, Linnæus now made a most unscientific effort to obtain a rich wife, that he might travel for his improvement, and afterwards settle in Sweden. The lady was willing, but her mother was not, and he was forced to set off without his bride. He went to Holland, with fifteen pounds in his pocket, and took his degree of Doctor, and contrived, by the patrons whom his talents gained him, to obtain pecuniary supplies. He there became acquainted with various eminent men, and made great advances in botanical knowledge; in 1736, he also passed over to England, and afterwards visited Paris. From Holland, to which Linnæus returned, he was suddenly called home by a report that a friend of his own was laying close siege to his betrothed in Sweden, upon which account he set out on his journey as soon as he was cured of an ague, which he took from fear of his rival's success. During his three years residence in Holland, we are assured Linnæus did more in botany than any body had done before in his whole life.

On his arrival at Stockholm, he could find nobody to employ him, which was very natural; but by dint of confidence, he at last got two patients, and through his success with them, very soon obtained a certain share of practice. After this, Linnæus's progress was more rapid, and he speedily was appointed to a professorship of natural science. Having conducted him to this point, it becomes less necessary to pursue a minute detail. But Linnæus belied the adage that a prophet has no honor at home; for never was a man more caressed and distinguished than our author. Medals were struck to immortalize his memory; he was pensioned, ennobled, and made a knight of the Polar Star. His pupils became numerous and distinguished, and by their travels in every part of the world enlarged the limits of science, and illustrated the Swedish name. Throughout every part of this performance, Linnæus appears in the character of a vain man, much more so than his friends would desire. Undoubtedly he did much, very much, to promote the knowledge and facilitate the study of the various branches of natural science, but he was according to this document conscious of the fullest extent of his merit. As far, however, as it is possible to judge of style through the medium of translation, we are disposed to think, that there is a considerable resemblance between the language of this document, and that of

the unquestioned parts of the works of Linnæus. At this part of the volume we observe a childish story of curing the gout by eating strawberries, which is surely inconsistent with all experience of the power of that fruit.

Towards the end of the Diary, Linnæus becomes very amusing; 'Diet,' he assures us, 'nobody has treated in a more solid and satisfactory manner.' He piques himself also on his discovery of the mystical powers of the number five: he found that there were five bodily vices, five nervous vices, and five sapida and odora, with as many contraries. 'He proved all this by examples. *What can be stronger?*' Students, he asserts, were lucky, who before his time could learn much. He proved the sexes of plants so clearly as to silence all his adversaries, 'and who could do it better than Linné?' We could fill whole pages with such extracts, and yet leave abundance to gratify the curiosity of the reader, who would peruse the work himself.

His description of his own person is singularly diverting. He proceeds to give the generic and specific characters of every limb and member, as if he had been employed to compare the genealogy of a horse with his personal qualifications, and afford a specimen how far a great man will go when he talks of himself. Immediately following this description, are a great number of short and pithy sentences, in which with great piety and particularity he enumerates every good thing of body and of mind that had ever befallen him. Indeed, Linnæus seems to have possessed a genuine spirit of devotion, and to have left his aversion to theology at the threshold of his college. The style of this part may be conceived from the subjoined specimens.

'The Lord has led him with his own almighty hand;

'He hath caused him to spring from a trunk without root, and planted him again in a distant and more delightful spot, and caused him to rise up to a considerable tree;

—— 'Hath inspired him with an inclination for science, so passionate as to become the most gratifying of all others;

—— 'Honoured him with the titles of

'*Archiater*,
'*Knight*,
'*Nobleman*, and with
'*Distinction in the learned world*,

—— 'Protected him from fire,

—— 'Preserved his life above sixty years,

—— 'Given him a greater knowledge of natural history than any one had hitherto acquired.

'No person has ever had a more solid knowledge of all the three kingdoms of nature.

'No person has ever proved himself a greater botanist or zoologist;

—— 'So completely reformed a whole science and created therein a new æra;

—— 'Become so celebrated all over the world;

—— 'Sowed in any academical garden so many seeds;

—— 'Discovered so many animals (in fact he discovered as many as all preceding naturalists put together.)'

He then proceeds to congratulate himself on being styled Princeps Botanicorum, and vindicates himself from a supposed charge of having an itch of writing, to which, however, the best answer is to be found in the utility and excellence of his various productions.

The most remarkable thing of this Diary is, that Linnæus should have given it to the archbishop Menander to be corrected, 'pro tua sapientia,' to be translated into Latin, and presented or read to the French Academy—a procedure, considering the contents of the Diary itself, not easily reconcileable with that modesty, which generally is the attendant of genius. But it appears that the author, at the age of sixty, began to forget proper names, for which he makes the apology that no man ever before had so many in his head, and as the greater part of this autobiography was the work of subsequent years, we ought, in fairness, to make some allowance for the decay of mind, which may reasonably be supposed to have occurred. And in truth, had all this been said by any one but himself, it would in our opinion, and we believe in that of the greater part of the lovers of natural knowledge, have been regarded, rather as an inadequate than an excessive tribute to his genius, to his acquirements, and to his unparalleled and astonishing industry. Perhaps, however, there is something not very favourable to our sentiments of this great naturalist, in the eulogium which he has pronounced upon his own merits, considerable as these confessedly were, and it would be a bad example set before the lower ranks of the scientific world, to receive with unlimited approval this self-enunciation of praise. In an inferior man indeed it would have been so completely ridiculous, as to have altogether defeated its own ends and purposes, and to have converted the shield of the defender into the spear of his enemy. We need not fear, therefore, that this practice should become general, and may allow the manes of Linnæus to repose undisturbed by the biting taunts of enraged criticism. With regard to the authenticity of this document, we have already stated our grounds of opinion, and though there may be some inconsistencies, which it is the business of the editor to reconcile if he can, we are disposed to believe the greater part to be really the composition of the

author to whom it is attributed. To this judgment we are induced, by the respectable manner in which it is brought forward, by the evidence with which it is accompanied, and by the similarity of style and sentiments which we imagine that we discern in this to those of the undoubted compositions of Linnæus.

The whole work is a modern quarto, that is, a book of high price, containing little matter. Every part of this publication might have been readily compressed into a moderate octavo, in which case it might have been a convenient, and desirable ornament to the libraries of many, who will shrink from the enormous size and heavy expence of the present work. If the public, however, will purchase works of this description, we see no remedy for the misfortune. We must content ourselves with an occasional remonstrance against a practice, the very generality of which, is one of its principal evils.

Art. VIII.—Επεα πτεροεντα; *or, The Diversions of Purley; Part II. By John Horne Tooke.* 4to. Johnson. 1805.

THE author of this work, with no common abilities and extensive learning, with an indefatigable spirit of intrigue, and with the art of covering private views with public pretences, has acquired considerable celebrity.

Having been many years the pupil and the associate of John Wilkes, one of the most consummate impostors that Britain ever produced, he became early a master of that system of popular delusion which has been called patriotism, which interests the multitude in all the movements of the impostor, which provokes slight inconveniences and sufferings to heighten that interest, until he is either purchased by the government he has been opposing, or provided for by the dupes of his pretensions.

It is not our intention to impeach the noble but rare virtue of patriotism. Those who, standing themselves within the lines of the constitution and the law, resist and check the occasional encroachments of power; and those who would undermine that constitution, and shake the foundations of all law, are characters totally different. The views of the former are directed to the public happiness; those of the latter are confined to their own interest, and to their own spurious renown and fame.

The author of this work has appeared in all the great contentions with government from the commencement of the

American war, to that of the French revolution; and though the professed patriots never bestowed on him what he wanted, the lead and the command—he yet contrived to obtain detached parties, and acted always in the true spirit of a partizan, sometimes harrassing the enemy, and sometimes his pretended friends.

In one of these enterprizes he was taken, and *General Mansfield* would not let him have his liberty on his parole, from a misconception, or, as Mr. Tooke affirms, from the perversion of the meaning of a conjunction, that conjunction having no meaning in the Anglo-Saxon, and another, or perhaps no meaning, in the modern English.

Mr. Tooke insisted and clamoured that he ought to have had the benefit of an Anglo-Saxon interpretation; Mansfield, who was a Scotchman, and had left his Anglo-Saxon on the northern side of the Tweed, adhered to the English dialect, and strictly as it was spoken at St. James's.

Mr. Tooke then resolved, in the manner of his master (John Wilkes), to appeal to the public, and he published his 'Letter to Dunning,' which contains the germ of the present work, and which made a considerable impression on etymologists, as it announced something like a discovery, that conjunctions, prepositions, &c. had each an appropriate signification, and were not indebted for a meaning to their places in a sentence.

The advantage of this impression was immediately felt by Mr. Tooke; the arts he had exercised in the common tracks of patriotism, were transferred into a new path; and the credulous apostles of pseudo-patriotism were sent forth to proclaim, that though wicked governments had withstood clubs and associations, they would sink under an army of Anglo-Saxon conjunctions and prepositions, when disenchanted from their unmeaning and torpid state, each formed into a genuine *Wimbledon hero*, and all conducted in battle-array by John Horne Tooke.

The old miser of Purley put his hand half-way towards his pocket, but contented himself with a promise of the house and estate of *Purley*, the ancient residence* of the regicide Bradshaw; and it was resolved that the projected work, developing this mighty undertaking, and the ancient habitation of the regicide, should share in the admiration of future ages.

* We do not undertake to vouch for the authenticity of *this* fact, although it is generally believed.

The first volume accordingly appeared, and has been noticed under the former conductors of the Critical Review.

Why it was written in dialogue, by a writer who has too much egotism to forget for a moment that he is writing or speaking himself, and too much contempt, bordering on hatred, for other men, to personate them in any tolerable degree—why he should choose for his mock-antagonist, one of the most conforming, cautious, and prudent prelates of the age, without touching any of the peculiar features of his character, we cannot discover, even if we thought the discovery worth any trouble.

The Diversions of Purley, however, in a large quarto, proved only a dilatation of the small pamphlet addressed to Dunning, as far as the disenchantment of conjunctions, &c. was concerned. But it was seasoned with so much personal satire; with so many allusions to his own *unprovoked* injuries; and the hopes of increasing effect from the second and third parts were so artfully kept up, that his immediate adherents and apostles increased in number, and a subscription for an annuity for the author, (the old Tooke having died without leaving him Purley,) was opened, in conjunction with that for the projected work; which, being recommended with zeal, and comprehending political as well as literary views, succeeded beyond the expectations of his blindest and most implicit admirers.

Notwithstanding the leisure afforded by this annuity, and the partial reception of the first volume, several years elapsed; those of the public who thought at all on the subject, imagined that Mr. Tooke would forget his promises; and even the faithful and credulous messmates of 'the *Feast of Censure*, and the *Flow of Bile*,' held sacredly at Wimbledon on Sundays, had nearly collected courage to express their doubts, when the second part appeared; and that second part is the subject of our present critique.

In this volume, Mr. T. has dropped his episcopal antagonist, who, we may suppose, could not, even at an imaginary whipping-post, think himself, his profession, or the credit of the church to which he belonged, very safe in the hands of a man who, to serve any of his own views, would have used little ceremony with either. He has therefore exchanged him for Sir Francis Burdett, the most docile and implicit of his pupils, except the sage and *profound* Bosville, who, it is said, will stand the master's buffeting in the third and last part, which is to be called the 'Diversions of Wimbledon,' and in which all systems, metaphysical, political, and moral, will be levelled with the dust.

The present volume begins with a dialogue between the sages, Horne and Burdett, which should have concluded the first part, for it applies what Mr. Tooke calls his discovery in language, to the warmly controverted and most important doctrine of THE RIGHTS OF MAN; and to that application the remainder of this article shall be devoted, as a test of the author's high pretensions to decide in controversies, and to dictate the law in an important province of the literary world.

After playing upon words, and exclaiming, 'To the ears of man what music sweeter than the rights of man?' he turns to his convenient antagonist, and asks, (P. 3.)

'What do you mean by the words RIGHT and WRONG?

'*F.* What do I mean by those words? What every other person means by them.

'*H.* And *what* is *that*?

'*F.* Nay, you know *that* as well as I do.

'*H.* Yes; but not better, and therefore not at all.

'*F.* Must we ever be seeking *after* the meaning of words?

'*H.* Of important words we must, if we wish to avoid important error. The meaning of these words especially is of the greatest consequence to mankind, and seems to have been strangely neglected by those who have made the most use of them.

'*F.* The meaning of the word RIGHT—why—it is used so variously, as substantive, adjective, and adverb, and has such apparently different significations, (I think *they reckon* between thirty and forty,) that I should hardly imagine *any one single* explanation of the term would be applicable to all its uses.

We say a man's RIGHT—a right conduct—a right reckoning—a right line—the right road—to do right—to be in the right—to have the right on one's side—the right hand.'

After ridiculing and abusing the definitions of Johnson, as *false, absurd,* and *impossible*—the reader will remember that Johnson is out of hearing—the sparring pair, like Mendoza and a pupil, seem to approach a decision.

The master founds his oracular decree not on any of the Gothic dialects, which, no doubt, must be at all times decisive in philosophy, the Goths being philosophers by inspiration; but from the Latin, a language intelligible to every scholar.

BEHOLD THE ORACLE.

'RIGHT is *no other* than the *Rect-um* (Regitum) the past participle of the Latin verb *Regere*. Whence in Italian, we have RITTO; and from *Dirigere*, DIRITTO, DRITTO: whence the French have their ancient DROICT, and the modern DROIT. The Italian DRITTO, and the French DROIT being *no other* than the past participle DI-RECT-UM.'

This is extended to *just* from *jubere*, to *decree*, edict, &c. At last, (P. 8,) he says,

'When a man demands his RIGHT, he asks only that which it is *ordered* he shall have.

'A RIGHT conduct is that which is *ordered*. A RIGHT line is that which is *ordered* or *directed*, (not a random extension, but) the shortest between two points.

'The RIGHT road is that *ordered* or *directed* to be pursued (for the object you have in view). To do RIGHT, is to do that which is *ordered* to be done.

'To be in the RIGHT is, to be in such situation and circumstances as are *ordered*.

'To have RIGHT or LAW on one's side is to have in one's favour that which is *ordered* or *laid down*.

'A RIGHT and JUST action is such an one as is *ordered* and *commanded*.

'A JUST man is, such as he is commanded to be; qui *leges jurque* servat; who observes and obeys the things *laid down* and *commanded*.

'The RIGHT hand is, that which custom and those who have brought us up, have *ordered* and *directed* us to use in preference, when one hand only is employed; and the LEFT hand is, that which is *leeve'd*, *leav'd*, *left*; or which we are taught to *leave* out of use on such an occasion; so that LEFT, you see, is also a past participle.'

It would be tedious to follow Mr. Tooke through his minute illustration of RIGHT and LEFT, to which we may recur; let us hear with attention his application of his doctrine, and of the fruits of his etymological skill, to the RIGHTS of man. This will enable us to estimate the philosophical merit of his whole work; that of his etymologies will always be useful in the correction and formation of future dictionaries.

P. 12. '*F.* Every thing that is *ordered* and *commanded*, is RIGHT and JUST?

'*H.* Surely. For that is only affirming that what is *ordered* and *commanded*, is *ordered* and *commanded*.

'*F.* Now what becomes of your vaunted RIGHTS of man? According to you, the chief merit of them is obedience; and whatever is *ordered* and *commanded*, is RIGHT and JUST! This is pretty well for a democrat! And these have always been your sentiments?

'*H.* Always. And these sentiments confirm my democracy.

'*F.* These sentiments do not appear to have made you very conspicuous for obedience. *There are not a few* passages in your life, where you have opposed what was *ordered* and *commanded*. Upon your own principles, was that RIGHT?

'*H.* Perfectly.

'*F. How now?* Was it *ordered* and *commanded* that you should

oppose what was *ordered* and *commanded?* Can the same thing be at the same time both RIGHT and WRONG?

'*H.* Travel back to Melinda, and you will find the difficulty most easily solved. A thing may be at the same time both RIGHT and WRONG, as well as RIGHT and LEFT. It may be *commanded* to be done, and *commanded* not to be done. The *law*, that which is *laid down*, may be different by different authorities.

'I have always been most obedient when most taxed with disobedience. But my RIGHT hand is not the RIGHT hand of Melinda. The RIGHT I revere, is not the RIGHT adored by sycophants: the *jus vagum*, the capricious *command* of princes or ministers. I follow the LAW of God (what is *laid down* by him for the rule of my conduct) when I follow the LAWS of human nature; which, without any human testimony, we know must proceed from God, and upon these are founded the RIGHTS of man, or what is *ordered* for man. I revere the constitution and the constitutional LAWS of England, because they are in uniformity with the LAWS of God and Nature; and upon these are founded the RIGHTS of Englishmen. If princes or ministers, or the *corrupted sham* representatives of a people, *order*, *command*, or *lay down* any thing contrary to what is *ordered*, *commanded*, or *laid down* by God, human nature, or the constitution of this government, I will still hold fast by the higher authorities. If the meaner authorities are offended, they can only destroy the body of the individual; but never can affect the RIGHT, or that which is *ordered* by their superiors.'

In this quotation we have pointed out to the reader, the strong holds of Mr. Tooke, as a philosophical etymologist, and a philosophical politician.

The art with which they are constructed is fallacious, the etymology is a deception, and the inferences, assuming the forms of dogmas on the RIGHTS OF MAN, are absolute sophisms. It has been hoped that the melancholy lessons of the French revolution would have directed the minds of men generally, to the true origin of our social ideas of RIGHT and WRONG. But there are still persons of abilities and learning who rake the embers of sedition and discord in the ashes of the institutions they have consumed.

The vulgar sarcasms of Paine, the dreams of Godwin, Holcroft, and Brothers, are gone off like vapours on the winds of heaven. But the sophisms of Mr. Tooke are fortified with learning, and with consummate art of persuasion and quibble.

Such talents, so employed, have a constant effect, not of a beneficial nature, on the public opinion and the public peace. It is evidently the great object of the present writer to apply his skill in etymology, and to employ the force and credit of the 'Diversions of Purley,' to support the political doctrines of the classes of reformers with some of which he has suffered.

If this object be taken out of his work, it is a mere compilation for dictionaries. We shall therefore meet him on his own ground, in our next Number, and we are greatly mistake nif we do not chase him off.

(To be continued.)

ART. IX.—*Madoc, a Poem. By Robert Southey.* 4to. Longman. 1805.

MR. SOUTHEY has adopted a style of introduction to this poem, of which the modest Virgil was supposed to have set the example, till the hand of judicious criticism removed the lines which had been spuriously prefixed to the Æneid, and thereby cleared away a blemish, which disfigured the purity of that poet. Where an author is the editor of his own work, he does not leave it in the power of any critic to suppose for the sake of his reputation, that the introductory or any other verses were printed by mistake: he does not blush for himself, and it is therefore in vain for his friends to blush for him. Mr. Courtier* (another modern bard) has ushered a second volume of poems into the world in the same manner, that is, with a prefatory boast of what he has already done. We know not which of these gentlemen is the inventor, or which is the imitator; but as they have no decent prototype in antiquity, and as they are the first modern writers who 'have been caught in the fact,' we feel it our duty to enter our protest against this practice in general, not only as an unseemly and arrogant custom (for no man enumerates what he has done, without thinking that they are exploits of which he may justly be proud), but as a cheat upon the tax-office, which is by these means robbed of a duty, which would otherwise have been paid for a similar newspaper-puff. Mr. Courtier's verses are tolerable in themselves, and we may be induced to pardon the vanity of them, upon the same principle as we can forgive the conceited smile of the coquet, for the sake of the beauty which it exhibits: but Mr. Southey's verses have no charms that can disarm censure; independently of their affectation, they are really contemptible. They are intended as a kind of epitaph upon himself, but they have neither the dignity of the lapidary, nor the simplicity of the inscriptive style.

Far be it from us to assert that ridicule is the test of

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* See Critical Review for November, 1805.

truth: we are aware that the sublimities of Homer may be travestied; but we have annexed to Mr. Southey's introductory verses, a puff in the style of Doctor Solomon, and not jocularly but seriously ask our readers to decide, which of the two blank verse advertisements is the most modest, or most poetical.

Mr. Southey.

Come, listen to a tale of times of old!
Come, for ye know me! I am he who sung
The Maid of Arc, and I am he who framed
Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.
Come, listen to my lay, and ye shall hear
How Madoc from the shores of Britain spread
The adventurous sail, explored the ocean ways,
And quelled barbarian power, and overthrew
The bloody altars of idolatry,
And planted in its fanes triumphantly—
—— ——Come listen to my lay.—— ——

Dr. Solomon.

Come, listen to a list of cures performed!
Come, for ye know me: I am he, who cured
Maids of their achs, and I am he who framed
Of Balm of Gilead the wondrous power.
Come, listen to my cures, and ye shall hear,
The learned Doctor Solomon came o'er
From Germany. At his approach the gout,
Catarrh, rheumatic pains, and all the host
Of nervous qualms and fits were cured, and fled.
One half-a-guinea bottle will suffice
To heal all ails. Come, listen to my cures.

'COME, FOR YE KNOW ME.' Alas! here the puff poetical has a fatal resemblance to the puff medicinal. The patient, who has not been benefited by the first phial, is not very eager to purchase a second; and he, who has read the 'wild and wondrous' tale of Thalaba, is the least likely person to peruse a production of the same author. Nay we positively overheard the following soliloquy by a person who was perusing the above quoted passage: 'Come, for ye know me! I am he who framed Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song. Are you? Then I will not waste my money by purchasing your Madoc.'

Mr. Southey wears THALABA written on his forehead as a phylactery, which is to work a kind of charm in repelling censure, and in exciting admiration. He thus provokes us to examine a claim which might have passed unnoticed, and to enter into a discussion, which would otherwise have been unnecessary.

In poetry, as in philosophy, there have been various epochs, which have been marked by characteristic differences. About the beginning of the seventeenth century appeared a race of writers, who from their strange and far-fetched conceits were denominated by Dr. Johnson, 'Metaphysical Poets.' In the latter end of the last century it was our lot to see a tribe of bards spring up, whom we venture to distinguish by the name of REVOLUTIONARY. At the precise period when rebellion was abroad among the people, and when they were in a state of mind which regarded all order and decency as subjugation and restraint, she also reared her head among the poets, many of whom threw off the fetters of measure and rhyme, and issued a manifesto, which declared the laws of verse, as they had hitherto existed, to be vile impositions, degrading oppressions, barbarous manacles on the energies of mind. A sort of club was instituted, in which mutual honours were bestowed, and very strong resolutions were passed against those, who persisted in shutting their eyes against the new light. Praises were reciprocally interchanged among themselves, and the opinion of the world, the *unenlightened* world, was set at defiance.

The imagination is fond of giving form and body to its own creations: hence poetry has been depicted on the canvass, and sculptured in marble, as a beautiful female, her form elegant and adorned with every grace, her robe spread in ornamental folds, her tresses flowing, but not dishevelled; one hand holds a musical instrument, and while the other sweeps the chords, she seems listening to the voice of inspiration, which comes from heaven. The painter or the sculptor must not so represent the muse of the close of the eighteenth century: she is a subject for the humbler art of caricature: her aim was to captivate the hearts of *sans-culotte* admirers, and she exhibited herself in rags, and *sans chemise.* Her votaries formed themselves into a society, which is now dispersed, and which would not have been recalled by us to the reader's recollection, if Mr. Southey, who is the 'child and the champion' of this sect, had not, in proud defiance of criticism, pointed to the 'wonderous' tale, which bears on its title-page, as on a shield, the motto of the hero, and of his brave companions in the bold adventures of wild verse: Ποιημάτων ἄκρατος ἡ ἐλευθερία, καὶ νόμος εἷς, τὸ δόξαν τῷ ποιητῇ. Poetry is free, and subject to no law but the will of the poet.

By quoting this single passage from Lucian, without connection and without comment, an insult is offered to the

good sense of that author. It is well known that by such garbled quotations, the sacred writers may be made advocates for every breach of the moral law; and thus Lucian is made to sanction a dereliction of all order, and rebellion against the laws of metre; whereas that sagacious philosopher's meaning is widely different. It is very distinct from that, which by prefixing the sentence to the wild song of Thalaba, Mr. Southey would wish to attach to it. Lucian is giving precepts concerning the proper mode of writing history, in which he warns the historian against neglecting the truth for the sake of ornament, against indulging in flights of fancy instead of narrating the true circumstances of facts. He tells him, that the heroes, whose exploits are described by the historian, must be faithfully represented with all their weaknesses, their imperfections, and their vices, but that the heroes of poetic song may be endowed by the poet with all the qualities and powers of gods. He appears, by the whole tenor of his argument, to have an high idea of the graces and ornaments of poetry, and therefore observes, that if the narrator of real facts should dress history with the decorations of poetry, it would appear as absurd as the finery of a female on the naked image of a wrestler. The great pains which he takes to caution the historian against poetic embellishments, are proofs of his sense of their value in their proper place, but the INVENTIONS of the poet he allows to be unrestrained, and without any other bounds than those of the poet's genius. His conception of the unlimited range of poetical imagination, may be represented in spirit by a similar passage from Shakspeare:

> The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.

But with respect to the laws of metre, he was so convinced of their charming and sweet influence, that he is apprehensive lest the historian should desert the plain path of truth, and the unadorned style of narration, in search of heightened graces, which will render his history like "prose upon stilts." Mr. Southey refers to Lucian's authority as an IMPRIMATUR for his own "prose run mad," and in a spirit of (what perhaps he would wish to be thought) simplicity, he informs us that 'what has been foolishly called heroic measure, is nothing more than a regular Jew's-harp twing-twang.' If the lines of Dryden and of Pope are to be compar-

ed to the twing-twang of the Jew's harp, Mr. Southey must not accuse us of want of good manners, if we should compare some parts of his Thalaba to the grinding of the hurdy-gurdy, some to the dissonant clang of marrow-bones and cleavers, and some to the rapid rapping harmony of the salt-box. If Mr. S. be resolved that the 'wild and wonderous song' shall retain a motto from Lucian, he need not travel out of the same page for one, which would be much more appropriate.

Οἱ μὲν πολλοὶ ἴσως ταῦτα σου ἐπαινέσονται· οἱ ὀλίγοι δὲ ἐκεινοι, ὧν σὺ καταφρονεῖς, μάλα ἤ οὐ καὶ ἐς κόρον γελάσονται ὁρῶντες τὸ ἀσύφηλον, καὶ ἀνάρμοσον, καὶ δυσκόλλητον τοῦ πράγματος.

We will translate the above passage by again calling in the aid of Shakspeare. 'This wild, unmetrical, and unconnected song, though it may make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve.'

We cannot with justice close this dissertation, which has arisen from the frontispiece of Madoc, without giving due praise to the engraver, whose vignette is beautiful.

From the frontispiece we pass to the preface, which concludes in the following manner: 'This poem assumes not the degraded title of epic, and the question therefore is not whether the story is formed upon the rules of Aristotle, but whether it be adapted to the purposes of poetry.' What does our author mean by the 'degraded title' of epic? Does he allude to his own endeavours to degrade the epic muse? if so, is not this cruel? is it not adding insult to injury? Or does he allude to the numerous epic poems, which are now as frequent as Christmas charades, and is it his intention to warn the world against mingling Madoc with the herd? Perhaps he means to say, "I know that epic poet is a title of dignity, but, like the young Roscius, I find so many competitors usurping the name, that it is really no distinction: if you regard me, gentlemen, as a mere epic poet, I do not thank you:—my service to you. I am no imitator of Homer, or Virgil; none but myself shall be my parallel. I am Mr. Southey, verse-maker in general." There is something very flippant in all this. The author prejudices the reader against him: his greatest admirer must peruse the few first leaves with a sigh, and lament that the dignity of Mr. Southey's talents should be mixed with such littleness, and that with so much pure gold there should be so much dross.

Human nature was once exalted by the talents of a man, the effulgence of whose genius even Mr. Southey cannot behold with undazzled eyes. Let us hear the words of such a man, when he ventured on the perilous task of estimating

his own powers. 'By labour and intense study, which I take to be my portion in this life, I hope that I may leave something so written to aftertimes, that they shall not willingly let it die: but this is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs, till which in some measure be compassed, I refuse not to sustain this expectation.' Oh! how superior is this calm and subdued, yet fervent and exalted confidence of pious genius to the pert assurance of the modern bard, who tells you that he is among poets what Polonius's actor was among the heroes of the sock and the baskin. 'Either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-comical, scene undividable, or *poem unlimited*; for the law of writ and the liberty, *I am your only man*.'

'This poem assumes not the degraded title of epic. The question is not therefore whether the story is formed upon the rules of Aristotle, but whether it be adapted to the purposes of poetry.' While Mr. S. makes this declaration in a vaunting manner, he forgets that he voluntarily lets go 'the first praise of poetic genius,' and saves his critics a great deal of trouble. We are not to try this poem by the common rules of our court; we are not to examine whether it has a beginning, a middle, and an end; whether the episodes are naturally introduced, whether the machinery is appropriate, whether the characters are well preserved, whether the subject is great, and whether the moral is good: we are simply to observe whether it be adapted to the purposes of poetry. The purposes of poetry are of various degrees; they are sometimes answered by a sonnet, or by a ballad, in the same manner as a hovel or a shed will answer the purposes of a house, or as a fig-leaf will answer the purposes of an embroidered petticoat: but if in all those arts which adorn life, we are to study only this tame sufficiency, then all the various improvements, which have rendered man's social abode a theatre of wonders, may be quietly given up, and all our pride and all our honors be lowered to the ground.

The same eccentric defiance of common opinion follows our author in the choice of his subject. A Welchman is supposed to be the discoverer of America. We give the facts, on which the poem is founded, in Mr. Southey's own words.

'On the death of Owen Gwyneth, king of North Wales, A. D. 1169, his children disputed for the succession. Yorwerth, the eldest, was set aside without a struggle, as being incapacitated by a blemish in his face. Hoel, though illegitimate, and born of an Irish mother, obtained possession of the throne for a while, till he was defeated and slain by David, the eldest son of the late king by a second wife. The conqueror, who then succeeded without opposition, slew Yorwerth, imprisoned Rodri, and hunted others of his brethren into exile. But Madoc, meantime, abandoned his barbarous country, and sailed away to the west in search of some better resting place. The land which he discovered pleased him; he left there part of his people, and went back to Wales for a fresh supply of adventurers, with whom he again set sail, and was heard of no more. There is strong evidence that he reached America, and that his posterity exist there to this day, on the southern branches of the Missouri, retaining their complexion, their language, and, in some degree, their arts.

'About the same time, the Aztecas, an American tribe, in consequence of certain calamities, and of a particular omen, forsook Aztlan, their own country, under the guidance of Yuhidthiton. They became a mighty people, and founded the Mexican empire, taking the name of Mexicans, in honour of Mexitli, their tutelary god. Their emigration is here connected with the adventures of Madoc, and their superstition is represented the same which their descendants practised, when discovered by the Spaniards. The manners of the poem, in both its parts, will be found historically true.'

The discovery of another hemisphere is certainly a noble and important subject, and we regret that, with powers adequate to a theme of this high nature, Mr. Southey has chosen to neglect the real hero of this grand event, and to bind the unfading laurels, which his genius can bestow, around the brows of an imaginary being. The adventures of Madoc are certainly a fairy tale, and therefore Madoc himself may be regarded as a creature of the fancy. This has undoubtedly given a wider scope to Mr. Southey's invention, and has enabled him to diversify his work with many wonderous and delightful fictions; but the true history of Columbus is so full of miraculous enterprise, of magnanimous exploit, of strange adventure, and of deep-toned sorrows, of great success, and sad reverse, of all that can excite admiration or touch the heart, that Mr. Southey would have found ample scope for his poetical powers, and he might have done that justice to the memory of Columbus, which America has withheld. A great many incidents have been borrowed from the history of that illustrious navigator, such as the discontents of the crew, the indications of land, and various other circumstances, which must naturally be drawn from that

foundation of truth. We could have wished that the whole had been derived from the same source, and that our poet had recorded the fame of the great actor in that truly great event, the discovery of half the world, instead of giving splendour to the adventures of a second Sinbad the Sailor.

After this account of the subject of the work, it remains for us to give our opinion of it's poetical merits. The preface caught our eye, and excited those uneasy sensations from its flippancy, which we have so fully expressed. Like the fiend in Sir Joshua's well known picture of Cardinal Beaufort, it thrusts itself upon our view, and arrests that attention, which would otherwise have been fixed in admiration on the beauties of the whole piece. Madoc is a noble effort of genius: the characters are well delineated, the illustrations from physiology are beautiful, and the harmony of the verse is exquisite. Here Mr. Southey has shewn himself a complete master,

> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony.

There is scarcely a single page without some striking beauty, without some sublime description, some delightful picture, or some forcible appeal to the heart: but as a poem it is defective in plan and in arrangement. Characters are introduced, and their history is related, but the reader soon parts with them to meet no more. They are as independent of the story, as sheep sometimes are of the landscape in which the painter gratuitously introduces them. The poem is full of long 'passages which lead to nothing.' Madoc's adventures in Atzlan have so little reference to the circumstances of his family in Wales, that the two parts, into which Mr. S. has divided his work, might be sold separately as two distinct poems. The first part, which describes the revolutions of the hero's family, is very confused, and at the same time it is so circumstantial and so minute on some particular points, that we are naturally led to expect, that some future events will hinge upon them: but the heir of the house of Owen

> took his way
> A lonely traveller on the moonlight sea.

And whether he was drowned before he reached the shore, or by a favorable revolution was seated on the throne of his ancestors, we shall never know, till perhaps a Third Part comes out, which, as Mr. S. pays no attention to unity of design, may very probably be expected. This is one advantage of the POEM UNLIMITED. Each book is so unconnected with the others, that an enumeration of the beauties of the

poem and of its faults, cannot be given without a minute analysis of every section. It would be a task similar to that of a critique on the papers of the Spectator, where every page creates fresh matter for observation. The great fault is the want of unity of design, which harasses the reader's memory, and distracts his attention: the banners are gay, the pomp is magnificent, the actors are of noble mien, and appropriately attired, the music is harmony itself, but the whole procession is badly arranged. Mr. Southey himself would become immediately sensible of this, if he would take the trouble of placing a chapter of contents at the head of each book. There cannot be a more sure or more easy criterion than this; but (whether from idleness or design we cannot tell,) Mr. S. has dexterously avoided this species of analysis, by prefixing a bare list of the dramatis personæ at the beginning of the volume. There are other faults of lesser moment. Madoc's reproach of his brother (P. 15 and 27) at the board of festive hospitality, where he was kindly received, is very ill-timed and unnatural. If David was the eldest son by a second wife, he certainly had a better claim to the throne than Hoel, who was illegitimate. If Llewellin was the right heir, this certainly should have been stated in the preface, or so clearly explained in the beginning of the poem, that the reader might be able to form some conjecture of the real cause of David's jealousy and suspicion of his brothers: instead of this we are suddenly surprized by the appearance of Llewellin. The family quarrel is, like most family quarrels, a very confused piece of business. We hear a great deal of 'Owen's race,' but Owen had put out his nephew's eyes with red-hot plates, and therefore we do not perceive what reason they had to be proud of having sprung from such an stock. Owen was a usurper, and the recital of his cruelties is very unnecessary and ill-judged. Cynetha's circumlocution for blindness is very quaint:

——————— it had been worth
The wealth of worlds, if he could then have seen
Their ruffian faces.

The anxiety, and the alternate hopes and fears of Madoc on his voyage, are highly wrought; the whole passage is written by the hand of a master: it is too long to be quoted, and by curtailing it of a single line, we should rob it of a beauty; but when he reaches the long-wished-for land, Oh! what a falling-off is here. We follow Madoc over the unknown ocean with enthusiastic sympathy; but, when his voyage is completed, we are most miserably disappointed.

' I stood upon the deck and watched till dawn,
But who can tell what feelings filled my heart,
When like a cloud the distant land arose
Grey from the ocean, . . . when we left the ship
And cleft with rapid oars the shallow waves,
And stood triumphant on another world?'

By a reference to Robertson's History, our readers will see how far the poet here falls short of the historian. Mr. S. has evidently consulted Robertson's work; why has he omitted the natural and deep-felt repentance of the sailors for their ungenerous mistrust of their chief? We cannot follow Madoc without thinking of Columbus.

The whole narration of Baldwin the prior cursing the corpse of Madoc's father, from P. 152 to P. 163, inclusive, might very properly be omitted. It is a dull episode, and introduced we cannot tell why, nor guess wherefore, unless Mr. S. happened to have been reading the curses of Ernulphus in Tristram Shandy. Perhaps there is a deeper reason: Mr. S. does not seem to be fond of priests: in Wales and in Atzlan his priests are ferocious.

The second book of the second part is tedious. The description of the serpent is a noble part of the poem; it is frequently sublime; but the mode of destroying the monster is too minutely told; there is too much of contrivance and cunning in the scheme: a set of tailors could not have devised a more ingenious mode of killing a mad dog. If this exemplification of what we mean should be thought too degrading, we would say that Madoc and his companions kill the serpent exactly as you would expect the crafty Ulysses and his associates to have done the deed, if they had met with such a reptile after escape from the giant's care under the sheep's bellies.

The proper names are in general "confounded hard words:" as Mr. S. enjoyed the liberty of naming the children of his own fancy, we think he might have had a little more mercy on his readers. The heroes of the Iliad have given names to our modern race-horses, dogs, and ships; but this honor cannot be expected for the heroes in Atzlan, viz. Yhidthiton, Coanocotzin, Mexitli, Tezozomoc, and the Aztecas. The following line has not its parallel in any poem of note, but we recollect one very much resembling it, which was written by a school-boy:

——————— first he donned
A Gipion quilted close of gossampine.

The boy's line is equally pretty—

Where splendid conchs do micque upon the shore.

The story of Coatel's discovering the young Hoel in the cave, is borrowed from the Arabian Nights, with the exception that a vulture is here substituted for the fox.

Malinal's and Goervyl's defence against the Hoamen, in the 16th book, is tediously and too minutely descriptive. It may be accurate, but it is the accuracy of an old nurse's tale Indeed there is too much *fighting* through the remainder of the volume: it is quite a gazette.

Is the following passage 'adapted to the purposes of poetry?' We are willing to try it by Mr. Southey's own criterion. We think that it is not, and therefore we have not quoted it in the *shape* of verse, at the same time we challenge even the admirers of Thalaba, to read it in such a manner, that 'its flow and fall shall be perceptible.'*

'And on he went toward Goervyl, and with sudden turn, while on another foe her eye was fixed, ran in upon her, and stooped down and clasped the maid above the knees, and throwing her over his shoulder. to the valley straits set off: ill seconded, in ill attempt; for now his comrades are too close beset to aid their chief, and Mervyn hath beheld his lady's peril. At the sight, inspired with force, as if indeed that manly garb had clothed a manly heart, the page ran on, and with a bill-hook striking at his ham, cut the back-sinews. Amalahta fell: the maid fell with him; and she first hath risen, while grovelling on the earth he gnashed his teeth for agony. Yet even in those pangs remembering still revenge he turned, and seized Goervyl's skirt, and plucked her to the ground, and rolled himself upon her, and essayed to kneel upon her breast, but she clenched fast his bloody locks, and drew him down aside.' P. 341.

The sport in Atzlan, of the Flyers, who mount the pine, is almost unintelligible. A slight alteration in the concluding lines would clear it of obscurity. The 'mazy dance' and other games are well described. Mr. S. in general conquers the intricate difficulties of description with admirable skill.

We are surprized not to find the horse introduced in Atzlan. This animal was to the first settlers in America, such an instrument of wonder and of power, that their exploits, when related even in the sober narrative of truth, have an air of romance and enchantment. We naturally expected to see this noble creature forming a part of the inferior machinery.

The beauties of Madoc are great and many. We have not quoted any particular passages, as every reader of taste,

* Vide preface to Thalaba.

who reads the poem, (and what reader of taste will not read it?) will be forcibly struck with them.—Praise which is extorted by merit, must be sincere. We confess that the flippant pertness of the introductory matter, prejudiced us against the author. If a philosopher enters into company with the air of a coxcomb, he must not be astonished if he is not received with respect, and treated with reverence.

The excellent parts of this poem are like elegant devices in the work-shop of the sculptor: their effect is in great measure lost from want of due light and shade, position and arrangement. Their individual value increases the regret of the observer, that the hand of the master has not formed them into a monument of poetic art, grand in its design, and harmonizing in its parts, which might have endured for ages a model for imitation, and the pride of English literature.

ART. X.—*Travels through Italy in the Years* 1804 *and* 1805, *by Augustus Von Kotzebue, Author of Travels in Siberia and in France, &c. &c. &c.* 8vo. 4 *Vols.* 1*l.* Phillips. 1806.

IT were devoutly to be wished that the same authority which introduced Augustus Von Kotzebue to an acquaintance with the wildernesses of Siberia, had been pleased to commute that memorable year of exile for ten years of rigorous abstinence from pen, ink, and paper. We are fully aware how tremendous an infliction this must have been to the unhappy sufferer; but our care for the public would have stifled our commiseration: and we should gradually have lost all recollection of the painful privation to be endured by the individual, in contemplating the chance that so long a suspension might at last have entirely corrected that mischievous habit of publication, which has now, it is to be feared, become quite incurable.

The commonwealth of letters, however, is unhappily without the benefit of this arbitrary, though wholesome interference of civil authority. In open contempt and defiance of the impotent thunders of all our literary tribunals, this confident and incorrigible offender is again before the public, and boldly challenges their attention to four volumes more of dulness and impertinence. That our decrees should not be very actively promulgated, or very punctually obeyed in the German states, can scarcely indeed be regarded as extraordinary. They have, of course, tribunals of their own of competent jurisdiction; and the maxims of their critical jurispru-

dence are probably more favourable to the merits of Mr. Kotzebue, than those by which our sentences are usually regulated. With them, an affected style, a studied contempt of all usual modes of thinking, an undisguised renunciation of all the constituted authorities of taste and science, and marked disrespect for all religious opinions, may possibly amount to no moral or literary misdemeanor. We confidently trust, however, that the good sense of the English nation will reject the pompous trifles of this strutting sentimentalist, though repeatedly assured by the newspapers that Mr. Kotzebue is "the most enlightened traveller of the present age."

Prefixed to the work before us we have not a preface, (that would be a servile compliance with established modes, unworthy of the independent mind of Mr. Kotzebue,) but we have something which is '*to serve as a preface.*' This prolegomenon is in every respect correspondent with the character of the performance which it introduces to the notice of the world. It commences with a list of those who are to be excluded from the inestimable privilege of reading this book. The first class of those who are thus excommunicated consists of 'all artists, or judges of the arts, *as they are termed;*' whom Mr. K. proceeds to separate from himself by the following modest distinctions:

> 'They consider the arts as the mere creation of form, but I as the transfusion of mind: they, as proving the expertness of the eyes; but I, as the occupation of the soul: the form being the first thing with them; with me, the last.'

The next class stigmatized with this mortifying prohibition, consists of those 'who really love the arts and are fond of viewing performances of merit, but not of reading descriptions of such things.' Mr. K. graciously condescends to promise that he will not be offended with such readers of this class as shall be tempted, notwithstanding this clause of exclusion, to take up his work, and shall find themselves obliged to pass over the greater part of it.

Thirdly, those who expect, among other things, a dry catalogue of curiosities, or an exhibition of sentimental pictures, are warned, on pain of grievous disappointment, not to open these volumes. Were we not, to our sorrow and vexation, familiar with the former productions of Mr. K. we should have been somewhat surprized, after such a declaration, to find the greater number of his pages filled with a tedious enumeration of paintings, statues, relics, coins, medals, gems, cameos, and antiquities of every description; and the rest liberally stuffed with sentiment, after the very newest fashion of the present sensitive race of philosophic travellers.

We may safely add a fourth class of readers, who will act wisely in abstaining from any intimate communication with Mr. Kotzebue; those who seek in the publications of travelled men, for enlightened views of the moral and political state of mankind, or who hope to find in their labours the materials of improvement, in science and philosophy. Indeed the plan adopted in the fabrication of this book, leads us to expect little that can render it permanently valuable. We are informed that the author took no notes of what he saw immediately, but rose every morning, long before daylight, 'and spent two or three hours in transcribing faithfully *all he had seen*, THOUGHT, AND FELT, *in the preceding day*.'

The tour commences with a diatribe of some six pages on the instinctive passion for variety, to which Mr. K. is seriously disposed to ascribe the propensity of man to visit remote countries, and in which he seeks for an apology for his own impatience of home. We are then taken at a prodigious rate through Riga, Berlin, Leipsig, Nurenberg, and Augsburgh into the Tyrol; during which very rapid progress Mr. K. finds leisure to pronounce a panegyric on Alexander Emperor of Russia (by whom, he is anxious to inform the reader, that he does not mean Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia)—to describe a tremendous storm on the Veipus lake—to discuss the difficulty of play-writing—to prophesy that the time will come when amorous intrigues shall be conducted, and besieged towns victualled, by means of air balloons—to consider very minutely the state of the posts between Petersburg and Naples—and to describe courts of justice, town halls, libraries, churches, playhouses, dungeons, escutcheons, paintings, &c. &c. &c. We then are conducted into the Tyrol, the picture of which is, on the whole, by no means uninteresting: to the imagination of the author it is so irresistibly enchanting, that it betrays him into a daring violation of his solemn vow against the mortal sin of picturesque description.

'On descending the hill from Lermos to Nassereit (says he,) let the traveller alight, and walk slowly;' Mr. K. then conducts us through rugged rocks, purling springs, woods, shrubberies, ruined castles, dark lakes, foaming torrents, majestic streams, and blooming plains, till at last suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaims:

> 'No! I have many times declared that I would never enter into descriptions of scenery; but whoever has a taste for the truly sublime, may believe me, that on this journey tears will more than once involuntarily start into his eyes.' P. 88, 89. VOL. I.

Mr. K. then proceeds to Verona, and thence towards Flo-

rence, extremely out of humour with the wretched police of Italy, and with the vexatious regulations respecting passports. At Bologna he stops only to give a long account of the ascent of that daring aeronaut Zambeccari, faithfully abstracted from the Report of the Academy of Sciences there. The delights of a morning spent amidst the Apennines is described in a silly letter from Barberini, a dreaming enthusiast, and a great lover of coffee. As the feelings of Mr. K. appear to be in perfect unison with those of his correspondent, we shall present our readers with a few lines of this egregious drivelling, as exhibiting a tolerably correct specimen of what the modern race of weeping travellers substitute for thought and description. Having mentioned the state of his accommodations at the village ale-house at which he lodges for the night, he proceeds:

'What is now to disturb me, but the thought of how I shall fare in the morning,—here is no coffee to be had! Yet I knew how to supply this necessity. My good wife, (for be sure not to travel without a female companion,) unpacks the sugar and coffee—I fetch from my travelling case a lamp filled with spirits of wine—set our own coffee-pot upon it—and before the end of half an hour, the dear hands which have attended me through life, prepare my morning's comfort on the Apennines. I now lay myself quietly down to sleep, with my rushlight burning, and my repeater by my side. Towards morning, half asleep, I catch up my watch with my eyes closed, make it repeat, and it strikes three—I spring up, light my lamp—set the coffee-pot on it, and while my coffee is warming, I eat grapes:—and opening my window—(yes—opening my window on the 18th October!)—I lean out of it half dressed, in order properly to inhale the mild Italian air, and survey the charming country illumined by the dawn. The bubbling noise of the coffee behind me rouses me from my sweet reverie: I leave the window with *moistened eyes*, (for I had in the universal stillness directed my thoughts as well as looks to the spot that is rendered dear to me by all it contains,) seat myself, drink, and write this letter to you as calmly and comfortably as I should have done at Berlin.' P. 142. &c.

With these contemptible and doting trifles, the expectations of all sober and rational readers are perpetually mocked in the pages of this class of travellers. While we are pressing forward impatiently in hopes of instruction and entertainment, we are suddenly stopped to contemplate the spot where Mr. Karamsin sighed and wept, where Mr. Kotzebue was 'overwhelmed with a chaos of inexpressible feelings,' or where Mr. Barberini boiled his coffee!

'It is fortunate for me, (says Mr. K.) that I have made no promise of describing Florence. I can now travel on to Ancona without making any apologies.' It would have been

fortunate for his readers if he had persevered in his resolution: for, notwithstanding he hopes 'that they will be contented with a remark or two,' he cannot prevail upon himself to dismiss them without a copious enumeration of every thing that has been seen and described before a thousand times. But our charge against the author in this and in every part of his work, is not confined to his tediousness and dullness: he watches with malignant vigilance for every opportunity of placing all religious prejudices and images in a ludicrous point of view. We believe that the offensive and indecent levity with which he treats every sacred subject in all his former productions, has been visited by the severe and unanimous censure of all the literary journals, in this country at least. It is unquestionably the duty of every critical fraternity to resent this insult to the public as often as it is repeated. The mischievous diligence with which he seizes on every occasion afforded by the ignorance, the folly, or the superstition of mankind, to make our holy faith the object of insipid and blasphemous drollery, deserves to be stigmatized with emphatic reprobation. It is with extreme reluctance that we submit to the nauseous task of transcribing some of the despicable witticisms which disfigure the pages before us. The church of the Annunciation at Florence suggests to Mr. K. the following impious reflection: '*A tolerably natural association of ideas* has here, as in almost all Italy, occasioned the foundling hospitals to be dedicated to the Annunciation.' VOL. I. P. 150. In the same page, we are told that a performance of Bandinelli's 'represents a dead Christ in marble, whom God the Father (figured by a little old long-bearded man, with a bad physiognomy) holds on his knee.' In the same manner, whenever any of the objects of our adoration are unskilfully and injudiciously presented to our senses by unenlightened zeal and preposterous taste, it is sure not to escape the perverse industry of Mr. K. Who can bear the abominable familiarity with which he alludes to objects which others only name with trembling reverence? A picture in the church of Spirito Santo, at Naples, raises his admiration—and he observes with pleasure, that 'the child Jesus has a great likeness to his lovely mother.' VOL. II. P. 114. In another picture, we are told, that 'the Queen of Heaven is represented as armed with a cudgel, with which she has just been beating Satan severely.' Ibid. In another place, the 'Queen of Heaven is sitting in a corner, and is distributing rosaries—and the child Jesus in her lap does the same.' P. 130. Again, in page 169, we hear of a painting, in which 'the infant Christ resembles much a spoilt child.' Whenever he has occasion to

mention the infant Baptist, he cannot find a more respectful appellation for him than the 'little John.' We know not whether these expressions may be more decorous in the original, or not: but as Mr. K. professes himself a heretic (a term by which he seems to understand a dissenter from all religion which professes to be founded on revelation), we are not disposed to fix much of the guilt on his translator.

The cathedral at Sienna raises in the mind of our traveller this eminently contemptible joke:

'Formerly it (the cathedral) contained a group of the three Graces, but these have been removed on the pretext of indecorum: what indeed have the Graces to do in a church, where even councils have been held?' VOL. I. P. 173.

It is scarcely to be expected that Mr. K. should preserve any command over his imagination when he approaches Rome. It might be foreseen that the sight of the Coliseum would bring on one of his paroxysms. Indeed he appears sensible that the fit is approaching, and feels it necessary to apologize for any extravagance he may commit during its continuance.

'I must be pardoned (says he) any bold expression; whoever can speak coolly or sentimentally on such a subject, for him I do not write.' VOL. I. P. 180.

Having at last torn himself from the Coliseum, he invites the reader to accompany him in a walk along the ancient Via Sacra, and 'then comes his fit again,' and while it lasts 'he does not talk after the wisest.' His imagination transports him into ancient Rome.

'What (he exclaims) is the meaning of that mixed crowd, proceeding slowly by the Temple of Peace? They are pious countrymen who are conducting a lamb to the habitation of the sacrificer. But the tumultuous noise and wild shrieks issuing from the next streets? Is a sudden commotion begun? No; the inhabitants of that street are holding their frolicksome dispute with the inhabitants of the Via Sacra, concerning the head of a horse, &c. &c. But we will not stay here any longer.' &c. &c. VOL. I. P. 197, 198.

The latter part of the first, the whole of the second, and part of the third volume are occupied with a description of Naples and its vicinity; and some parts of this picture are not wholly without animation and interest. We are not aware, however, that it presents any thing that has the recommendation of much novelty, or that shews more than a superficial observation of national character and manner. The eating and drinking of the Neapolitans appears to have occupied the minutest attention of our author; and if with-

out insulting the taste of future generations, we might suppose that his work could live till the larders of the nineteenth century shall become subjects of antiquarian investigation, we must at least do him the justice to allow that it may afford considerable materials towards a learned dissertation 'de re Culinariâ Neapolitanorum.'

The streets of Naples appear to resemble more nearly than any place on earth the limbo of vanity. No other city in the world perhaps can exhibit a greater variety of costumes, and what is more singular, they are all of them Italian. This strange motley collection must exhibit a very lively and curious spectacle to the traveller. His contrast between the streets of Naples and those of Paris deserves to be transcribed.

'In the variety of dresses the streets of Naples afford more diversity than those of Paris, but in another respect the latter are more entertaining. In Paris we find the walls covered with every kind of writings, but at Naples not at all. At Paris every one has something to propose, to offer, to communicate to the public—but here nobody. The French endeavour to bring men of all ranks and descriptions into connection with each other: the Italians try to individualize them,' &c. &c. VOL. I. P. 277.

Mr. K. had an opportunity of visiting Vesuvius after an eruption, and his account is not altogether destitute of strength of colouring. In descending he accepted the hospitality of a hermitage on the side of the mountain, in which was a memorandum-book filled with the names of all who had visited the volcano, and the impertinent trifles with which they had recorded their excursion.

'This medley (says Mr. K.) was to be found in all languages: but I confess that on a slight perusal it seemed to me that *the Germans* had written the most nonsense; at least had affected the greatest sensibility!'

Is it necessary to remark, that this excessive candour of Mr. K. has betrayed him into a singularly just and accurate delineation of himself? Had he always written as reasonably as in pages 26, 27, he might securely have ventured to censure the vitious taste and morbid sensibility of his countrymen. He is speaking of an eruption of Vesuvius which happened during his stay at Naples; we recommend the passage as a favorable specimen of his performance, though our limits do not allow its transcription.

No inconsiderable portion of the second volume is devoted to a laborious enumeration of pictures and statues, in the course of which the author is perpetually proclaiming

the independence of his taste and judgment, and his exemption from the manacles of vulgar criticism. He exults much in the spirit of the self-righteous Pharisee; he appears thankful that he is not made as other men are, the passive echo of traditional approbation or censure. We must, however, venture to distrust this original and unborrowed illumination of Mr. K.'s genius. All taste and feeling, unimproved and unsupported by systematic study and observation (except in some very few illustrious instances), are meteors which infallibly lure their followers astray, and at last 'engulf them in the mire.'

The following account of the professions of letter-writers and letter readers at Naples is curious, and we believe new:

'There are half a dozen small tables in the street by the post-office, and as many men sitting before them holding pens in their hands, with a folded letter-case before them, ready to write letters of any conceivable purport to any quarter of the habitable globe. A second chair opposite to theirs invites the needy letter sender to sit down and communicate his thoughts to one who will give them the polish of good diction.' VOL. II. P. 138.

'All this correspondence is commonly conducted in such a loud and public manner, that the post office has no occasion to break open the letters; it need only dispatch a few idle persons with good ears among the populace. Soldiers and sailors proclaim their affairs to the world without hesitation. Their gesticulations while dictating are none of the gentlest, and they often beat with vehemence on the table of the writer.' P. 141.

'These men of genius, however, have not erected their pulpits in the streets for the dispatch of letters only, but also to decypher such as arrive for those who cannot read. On the day when the post comes in, a different scene is exhibited from that which we have just enjoyed. All pens are at rest, the lips only are in motion; and, as may be easily conceived, there is another interesting supply for the curious observer. The fixed attention with which the hearer hangs on the lips of the reader, the varying passions, the accomplished or defeated hopes of the former, are well contrasted with the perfect indifference of the latter, and the unchanged voice with which he proclaims both joyful and melancholy news.' P. 142, 3.

In VOL. III: P. 60, a very curious fact is mentioned, to which, unless it were ascertained by the personal knowledge of the author, we should give but a very tardy belief:

'It is a singular custom, but which places the credit of the Neapolitans in a very unfavourable light, that when you make any agree-

ments with a Neapolitan, for instance for a vetturino, for the journey to Rome, you do not pay him part of the money in advance, as is customary in other countries, but he deposits a sum in your hands. If you omit this precaution, you are not safe. The unknown stranger, therefore, has more credit than the resident native.'

At Rome, which is again visited by our author on his return, he is as industrious as usual in compiling a catalogue of artists and their works; equally ambitious of distinguishing himself by his exaltation above the grovelling level of vulgar taste; and equally watchful for every topic of indecent sarcasm on sacred subjects. Thus the picture of Nathan and David calls forth the following criticism:

'The artist has likewise succeeded in giving David a somewhat majestic, but yet ambiguous physiognomy, exactly such as the *pious old rogue* may be supposed to have had.' VOL. III. P. 3.

'I cannot forbear mentioning here a singular phenomenon in the history of artists. Kaysermann, is at the same time a painter and a dealer in pigs. He is accustomed in spring to purchase many thousand swine, which he keeps till they are full grown, and sells again to great advantage. He is likewise the proprietor of many of the goats, which are driven about at Rome from house to house to be milked.'

We are indeed aware that the kings and princes of antiquity were feeders of sheep and drivers of cattle; and we have the authority of that δῖος ὑφορβός, that divine feeder of hogs, parson Trulliber, in modern times, for an union of the spiritual character of pastor, with the temporal and perhaps more lucrative one of a fattener of pork. But we imagine, this is the first instance of a pig-dealing painter; Mr. Kaysermann is of course very ambitious of bringing his pigs to market in the highest order, or, in other words, *perfect pictures*; he will thus be gratified by hearing the approbation of the public expressed in terms which convey a compliment at once to both his professional characters.

The account of the chambers of the dead in the church of the Capuchins will be found to be a very strong experiment on the credulity of the reader. These dreary mansions of mortality, we are told, consist of neither church-yard, vault, cellar, or cavern:

'In a lower story of the convent, not quite under ground, there is a range of arched chambers, provided with niches. In each of these niches, we discover a dead Capuchin, dressed in his capouche, and with a long beard; *for the dead bodies buried here do not suffer putrefaction, but only dry up.*'

'The apartments for this purpose are very small, yet harbour hundreds of such tenants. They lie here till they are dried up,

when they are brought to light again, in order to yield their former spaces to their successors.'—'We raised the capouche of one of the corpses, and discovered underneath it a skin very much like yellow parchment.' VOL. III. P. 257.

We wish Mr. K. had condescended to inform us to what cause the preservation of these bodies from putrefaction is to be ascribed: for it does not appear from his account that they are protected from the air, or that they are submitted to any of those processes which are usually applied for the purpose of counteracting animal corruption. We must therefore suspend our belief till we are further enlightened on this subject.

The fourth volume, we think, has more pretensions to the character of rational and entertaining, than any of its brethren, though it 'stands accountant' for a considerable share of trifling; of which the following are egregious instances:

'Terni is the native town of Tacitus, and the theatre of an extraordinary wonder of nature. The cascades of Tivoli are beautiful; the fall of Terni is great and majestic. There Tacitus would probably have been a poet; here he could have been no other than an historian; and his style could not but be simply nervous and rugged like these rocks.' VOL. IV. P. 158, 9.

The academy of arts at Modena is in possession of a very interesting rarity, namely, the skull of Corregio. This venerated relic suggests to Mr. K. a variety of reflections and questions which he professes himself unable to resolve.

'For example, may we not hence deduce a tacit confession on the part of mankind, that materialism is an opinion implanted by nature in the mind; and that notwithstanding all they have learnt about the nature of the soul, they still consider the head as the organ of reason? Further:—Is it not surprising, that as the skull of a highly distinguished personage is an object of uncommon interest to every individual, so few skulls of that kind have been preserved; and that, as far as I know, only two academies of painting, and Dr. Gall, of Vienna, have conceived the idea of rescuing this most precious relic of an extraordinary man from the dreary bosom of the earth? Why should this idea have occurred only to painters? &c. &c. Why are not libraries decorated with the skulls of great writers and poets? Why are not arsenals embellished with the skulls of heroes? Why are not thrones surrounded with the skulls of virtuous princes?' VOL. IV. P. 249.

And why, we may add, is not every paper-mill decorated with the cranium of some indefatigable scribbler like Mr. Kotzebue?

We shall conclude our account of these 'thin and flimsy

designs,' by transcribing what we conceive to be the most interesting passage in the whole work. The hardy courage and generous loyalty of the Tyrolese are well known; an animating picture of both is exhibited in the following narrative, which, at this moment, must create a mournful interest in the bosom of every loyal Englishman. These intrepid and patriotic mountaineers are now become the vassals of France. At a period when all Europe appears on the point of crumbling into fragments under the iron mace of that colossal dominion, when mankind is threatened with a bondage which may perhaps for ages obstruct the progress of human improvement and the diffusion of all honourable sentiment, it is a melancholy duty to collect and record every exertion of virtuous bravery which has dignified the last struggles of independence. Posterity may thus be informed that sentiments and feelings once existed, which, had they been carefully encouraged and judiciously directed, might have saved their ancestors from the grinding fangs of military despotism, and preserved to themselves the blessings of moral and intellectual liberty.

'This tribe of herdsmen appeared to me to be more brave and less corrupted than their neighbours, who cultivate the vine. What might not have been expected of them during the late war! With what courage they waited for the coming of the French! At Brannecken, two posts from Brixen, they had not heard of the arrival of the enemy till he was almost at their gates. They immediately sent to General Sporke, who commanded a corps at no great distance, to inform him they were ready to fight if he would come and support them. The general promised to comply with their invitation. More than four thousand country people assembled, armed themselves, baked bread for the Austrians, procured wine, and waited for their leader. He came not: he sent them word, that his orders obliged him to return over the mountains. This message the honest peasants could not understand. They were acquainted with their mountains; they knew that, especially in spring, it was not possible to cross them, at least not with artillery. They wondered why the general should choose rather to throw his cannon into the water, than to bring it to their defence; and they still maintain that if this had been done, if they had been organized, and had any one to head them, not a man of the French would have escaped. Whoever has seen the country and its inhabitants, will give them credit for the assertion. The answer they received rendered them not dejected, but indignant. All the officers of government withdrew, leaving the people to shift for themselves. But whenever they met with one of these fugitives, they seized him by his queue, dragged him back, and tauntingly exclaimed, "Scoundrel, there is the enemy!"

'Had, at that moment, a man appeared among them, endowed by

nature with military talents, he might have given the state of affairs a very different aspect, and have acquired great renown. Now their force was dispersed, but even in this situation they made head against the French. In a small town, a body of them assembled at the gate, merely opened a small door from time to time, fired, killed at each time a number of the enemy, and then instantly drew back their heads again. The French might threaten and storm as they pleased; the little troop continued to defend themselves in this manner, and at length compelled them to retire. Even in a village situated on a rock, the inhabitants resolved to oppose the entrance of the invaders. The women armed themselves as well as the men, and the children rolled large stones down upon the French, who made a halt, and then proceeded farther. On their approach to Branneken, the peasants ascended the mountains, kindled some hundreds of fires in the vicinity, and so alarmed the numerous army of the enemy, that he entered into a capitulation with this open town, the articles of which were faithfully observed. These brave herdsmen were therefore indebted to their courage alone for not being plundered. The word *peasant* was a terror to the French, and frequently restrained them from committing excesses. The heart of a German patriot bleeds, when he sees what a two-edged sword government then had in its hand without daring to draw it from its scabbard.' VOL. IV. P. 275.

Again, speaking of the inhabitants of Lienz, the last frontier town of Tyrol:

'Deserted by those who ought to have protected them, unprovided with arms, except such as the troops had thrown away in their precipitate flight, they seized these, placed an innkeeper who had once been a serjeant at their head, boldly attacked the advanced guard of the French which had entered their little town, and drove them from street to street, out at the gate, and beyond the bridge, strewing the whole way with the bodies of their enemies.' IBID. P. 283.

'It would certainly be worth the while of a good historian to reside for a few months in Tyrol; he would there have an opportunity of collecting the most extraordinary particulars of a war, the individual occurrences of which must appear incomprehensible to posterity. They will not be a little astonished to learn, that the military manifested a kind of hatred (I cannot possibly call it envy) against the brave peasantry: and that they went so far as to call the gallant General Laudon, by way of ridicule, *the idol of the peasants*, because he was the only officer who knew how to avail himself of the courage and energy of the Tyrolese; and who, let it be well remarked, himself fought at their head.' IBID. P. 284.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

Art. 11.—*Second Thoughts on the Trinity, recommended to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, in a Letter addressed to his Lordship, by Edward Evanson.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Johnson. 1805.

THESE Second Thoughts of Mr. Evanson consist partly of remarks and animadversions on the language and argument of what may be called the metaphysical division of the Bishop of Gloucester's Treatise, partly of observations on his scriptural testimonies; and the remainder is occupied in an appeal to the book of the Revelation of St. John, as sanctioning Mr. E.'s views on the doctrine of the Trinity, and some other generally accounted fundamental tenets of the christian scheme. We mentioned ourselves, in our review of that article, that we could by no means give an unqualified approbation to the skill and caution of the Right Reverend Prelate, in his metaphysical arguments. And yet we cannot affirm that Mr. Evanson, by his desultory observations, has in any degree presented us with an adequate and satisfactory exposition of all the blemishes which are contained in the bishop's performance: while, in exposing the errors of another, he has not taken sufficient care to keep himself free from blame. In the part which respects the scriptures, there are so many *previous questions* to be settled betwixt Mr. Evanson and his readers, that any mention between them of such a doctrine as that of the Trinity must, excepting in the case of a very few individuals, be quite premature. If that doctrine be supported at all, it must be by the evidence of scripture. What then can we do in such an argument with a man who has reasoned himself into a disbelief of the authenticity of so great a part of the sacred volume as Mr. E. has done, and who seems to repose an undoubting confidence scarcely in any portion of scripture, excepting the Apocalypse? Truly, the gentleman has greatly the advantage of us. We want common principles and materials of debate. "We shall be unto him that speaketh, barbarians, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto us."—'The far greatest number' of the Bishop's scriptural testimonies, Mr. Evanson tells his Lordship, 'are no more the works of any writers of the apostolic age, than these Thoughts of your Lordship which now lie before me; and therefore I certainly shall not think it of any use to take particular notice of them, until your Lordship, or some other advocate for their authenticity, shall have produced rational and sufficient evidence that they were in existence before the reign of the Emperor

Hadrian.' (P. 20.) The subject of debate then is quite changed—it becomes a discussion of the canonical authority of the scriptures; and to him who entertains any doubts upon that subject, till they are removed, all both First and Second Thoughts on any Scriptural Doctrine, are altogether in vain.

To us, and we presume to most common readers, Mr. Evanson's apocalyptical speculations appear in a great degree visionary; and exemplify very strikingly the fact how often credulity and scepticism are united in the same bosom. They remind us forcibly of honest Will. Whiston, and his darling apostolical constitutions.

Yet, let us not deprive Mr. Evanson, (though he is now alike out of the reach of our praise and our censure) of his deserved commendation. The tract bears marks of acuteness and of learning, and is written, generally speaking, in a sober and serious frame of mind, and with much less unbecoming flippancy and intolerance, either with regard to the subject on which he writes, or the person of his antagonist, than is but too frequent among controversialists.

The most orthodox need not be ashamed to admire and to imitate the piety and seriousness of the concluding observations:

'Whether my feeble efforts on this, or any other occasion, may prove productive, in any manner, of such salutary effects as I fondly presume from them, depends entirely upon the will of the supreme Disposer of all human events. He knoweth that I am actuated in them solely by benevolent, and, as far as concerns this world, by the most disinterested motives. And to his gracious, paternal disposal, I cheerfully resign myself and every thing that is mine." (P. 60.)

ART. 12.—*An Essay on the internal Evidence of the Religion of Moses. Published in Pursuance of the Will of the late Mr. Norris, having gained the annual Prize instituted by him in the University of Cambridge. By Thomas Broadley, A. M. of Trinity College.* 8vo. 2s. Cadell *and* Davies. 1805.

IN this short essay the reader will naturally look for arguments few, select, and popular, rather than for any thing very novel or profound. The writer, however, has performed his part in a manner which does not discredit the character in which he appears before the public. He first briefly discusses the *genuineness* of the Pentateuch, and of this he conceives we have the same evidence which the natives of modern Europe have of that of the Iliad of Homer, or the British inhabitants of India, of that of the writings of Bacon and Newton. The *internal evidence* of the religion is examined under two general divisions; one relating more especially to the character of its author, or, more properly speaking, its promulgator, and the other to the nature and character of the religion itself. In this latter part, the writer might have found a wide field for the exercise of his pen in an exposition of the noble arguments, so intimately connected with his subjects, of those great men, Spencer and Warburton. But

here, as in other parts of this Essay, we have to complain of deficiencies, which compel us to remind Mr. Broadley of the old precept, Qui studet optatam, &c. Nil sine magno Vita labore dedit, &c. &c.

ART. 13.—*The Plain Man's Epistle to every Child of Adam, or the Voice of Earth to his Brother Dust.* 12*mo.* Jones. 1805.

PLAIN enough!

ART. 14.—*Sermons on various Subjects, by Alexander Hewat, D.D. Vol. II. 8vo. pp.* 447. Cadell *and* Davies. 1805.

AN account was given of the first volume of these Discourses in the Critical Review for January, 1805. We are by no means disposed to detract from, but would rather enlarge and extend the praises which were bestowed upon Dr. Hewat on that occasion. We have perused this second volume with feelings of almost unvaried satisfaction. Nor do we hesitate to say, that to our taste, and according to the principles which we hold concerning the eloquence of the pulpit, Dr. Hewat is one of the most respectable preachers of his day.

But let us not be misunderstood. His readers must not expect in these Discourses to be borne away by torrents of irresistible eloquence, to have their fancy amused and surprised by extraordinary allusions, or by any uncommon variety and felicity of illustrations; they must not look to be overawed by profound and extensive learning, or to be challenged to pursue the author through long and subtle trains of argumentation. These are not the praises to which Dr. Hewat lays claim. But, which shews his pretensions to still higher commendation, he recalls forcibly to our minds the declaration of the great apostle of the Gentiles: 'we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.' There will be found here no elaborate display of ornament, no toilsome efforts to catch praise and popularity; but all is plain, practical, simple, sincere, and pastoral. We shall rejoice to find that the number of such preachers increases: and it will give us great pleasure to learn that Dr. H. is induced by the patronage of the public to favour us with more of his Discourses. They cannot fail to improve the religion, the morals, the good sense and taste of their readers.

MEDICINE.

ART. 15.—*Observations on the Nature and Cure of the Gout; on Nodes of the Joints; and on the Influence of certain Articles of Diet, in Gout, Rheumatism, and Gravel. By James Parkinson.* 8*vo.* 5*s.* 6*d.* Symonds. 1805.

THE author, being himself subject to attacks of the gout, has been led both to practice and to meditate on this disease, with particular interest and attention; but he was chiefly incited to publish

his meditations by the perusal of Dr. Kinglake's Dissertation.* He has accordingly dedicated his last chapter to the refutation of Dr. K.'s doctrines, and to prove that many cases unquestionably occur, in which the speedy suppression of gouty inflammation is followed by alarming symptoms, constituting what has been termed retrocedent gout. It would appear, however, that in his own person, the refrigerant plan has been always attended with the success which Dr. K. avers that it invariably produces; and we do not think that Dr. K. would desire a more pointed example to illustrate the treatment which he recommends. It appears to us that the author does not employ the term, cure, in the sense in which it is generally used in speaking of the gout; and that hence that difference of his doctrines from those of Dr. K. and some others, is rather verbal than real. The latter apply the term *cure* to a single paroxysm; the author seems to apply it to the removal of the gouty diathesis, or to the *prevention* of the disease.

The great object of the present treatise, however, is to demonstrate that the disposition to gout consists in 'a peculiar acrimony' of the fluids. The nature of this acrimony is not absolutely pointed out; but it is supposed to be either the uric or lithic acid, or an approximation to that acid which contaminated the circulating fluid. This hypothesis principally rests upon two facts. First, on the discovery of Dr. Wollaston, that arthritic concretions consist of *lithate* of *soda*; and secondly, of the circumstance ascertained by Drs. Cullen, Cadogan, and others, and particularly exemplified by the author, that alkaline medicines are efficacious in removing or diminishing the gouty diathesis. The author, however, has followed up the doctrine with a great many arguments drawn from collateral circumstances, which give an air of considerable plausibility to his hypothesis. Yet we do not apprehend that our knowledge of gout and its cure will be greatly advanced by this dissertation, to which nevertheless we must award the meed of praise due to ingenuity of discussion. The utility of alkaline medicines has been long ago ascertained, but it will be vain, we believe, to attempt to correct the acrimony of a gouty habit by the feeble aid of a drug, while it is constantly and copiously generated by intemperance in all its forms. The author indeed lays considerable stress on the necessity of avoiding acid and acescent articles of diet.

Nodes of the joints arise, in the author's opinion, from the same prevalence of acid acrimony in the habit; and the same medicine and regimen have been found effectually to counteract their formation, and to remove them when formed.

We wish that every *hypothesis* in medicine was submitted to the same test as is recommended by Horace for an epic poem; 'nonum prematur in annum.' The aid of experiment and observation might then be employed to strengthen or to invalidate the suppositions of the

* See Crit. Rev. for April, 1805.

mind. There is an appearance of crudity and immaturity in this work, from a deficiency of this sort of evidence; and too much is taken for granted, to leave any satisfactory impression of solidity on the reader.

ART. 16.—*A Manual of Anatomy and Physiology, reduced as much as possible to a tabular Form, for the Purpose of facilitating to Students the Acquisition of these Sciences. By Thomas Luxmoore. Small 8vo. 8s. 6d.* Highley. 1805.

THIS little volume may be as useful, as some others that are published, on the table of the student in the dissecting room; for which purpose its brevity and tabular form recommend it. But in comparison with the excellent compendium of Mr. Fyfe, it is very jejune and superficial. The term Physiology, indeed, might have been omitted in the title page, without injustice to the work; for on this head little or nothing is to be found in it. No mention, for instance, is made of a gastric fluid, or of digestion: nothing is said of the nature or use of the bile, of the pancreatic juice, of the saliva, &c. not a word respecting the changes of the air in the lungs, or the purposes of respiration. The descriptions, however, are in all instances marked by great perspicuity; the tables of the muscles, in which the situation, name, origin, insertion and use of each, are seen at one view, are particularly clear. In this point the dissector will find the manual possessed of some advantages.

DRAMA.

ART. 17.—*The Delinquent; or, Seeing Company: a Comedy, in Five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden. By Frederick Reynolds. 8vo. 2s. 6d.* Longman. 1805.

WE leave the fable of this drama to the perishable tomb of those ephemeral publications which have already enshrined it with more splendid obsequies than we should be inclined to afford. To say that it resembles other modern trash, were doing great injury to that trash. It is infinitely beneath the notice of the most frivolous. The Young Roscius, the Young Roscia, the Melo-Dramas of Mr. M. Lewis, and the comedies of Mr. Reynolds, direct the *taste* of the day. We shall scarcely venture to contradict the decision of the public, and therefore shall close this short critique with an appropriate quotation, never desiring more '*to See the Company of the Delinquent.*' (Vide epilogue.)

'*Enter* Young Doric *hastily.*

'*Y. Doric.* Pheugh! I'm out of breath, I've run so fast to be beforehand and forestall my partner and this sailor——Sir Arthur, you're restor'd to liberty, Sir Edward has releas'd his debt, Doric and Co. have done the same, and should there still remain one who'd enforce the outlawry, I and the Major here, will give a ball, will pay the Savage with his own bank notes, or if that fails, hark'ye, (*taking*

the Major *aside)* 'tis but to open the wrong chariot door, and Rollo-like we'll shove him in a Hermitage.

'*Mrs. Aub.* Restor'd to freedom! Olivia, unite with me again in thanking him.

'*Olivia.* I do,—with heartfelt gratitude and joy.

'*Delin.* Sir, you remember that when last we met—

'*Y. Doric.* I do, Sir Arthur (*in a melancholy tone.*) I remember I left you out of my party, but if I luckily should get a wife and a more roomy mansion, speak—(*aside to* Major *again*) and I'll ask you to the wedding supper.

'*Major Tor.* He'll ask me to the wedding supper! What say you, Olivia? But here's the man.' P. 72.

We had almost forgot the Prologue and Epilogue. The Prologue was written by a 'Friend;' and in a very friendly manner, we allow, he has amicably determined not to eclipse Mr. Reynolds. The Epilogue, which is no better than the Prologue, was penned by Mr. Fitzgerald.

Mr. Fitzgerald has occasionally written some good verses, but he is no poet.'

POETRY.

ART. 18.—*The Penance of Hugo, a Vision on the French Revolution. In the Manner of Dante, in four Cantos. Written on the Occasion of the Death of Nicola Hugo de Basseville, &c. &c. Translated from the original Italian of V. Monti into English Verse, with two additional Cantos, by the Reverend Henry Boyd, A.M. &c.* London. 1805.

IT was indeed a great *Penance* to toil through this book. Here then we stand, in a white sheet, with a taper in the right hand, and the 'Vision on the French Revolution' in our left, and we declare it to be the most heavy, dull, and uninteresting performance we ever reviewed. We read the book—we own we read the book—indeed we will never do so again—and we hope that our present confessional apology, will superinduce a forgiveness of our sin. We bend to the respectable inquisition of the public, and are ready to expose before that tribunal the erroneous opinions and heresies of the 'Penance of Hugo.' It beginneth with the devil, and endeth with 'the blest confines of eternal light.' The book deserveth purgatory. A few words more of palinodia, and we have done.

Hugo Basseville was an agent in the French service, employed on the mission of revolutionising Rome. The 'quisquiliæ' were a little savage on the occasion; they dragged him out of his carriage, and killed him in the street.—According to poetical justice, the soul of this gentleman ought to have gone to a place which is hinted at in every page of the Vision—but no such thing; he was not quite bad enough for that; so the poem opens with a sight of our hero, which makes us shudder for his spirit,

'O'er the abyss with feeble pinions hung.'

Icarus's wings would have melted in a moment, but Hugo's are made of asbestos, and must manage to hold him up through 137 pages. The following stanza is terrific and obscure: the essence of the sublime!

'The minor spirit, and the parted shade
To the great guardian of the crozier paid
Obeisance due; and, mounting on the gale,
Instant arrived with momentaneous flight,
Where, foaming high beneath the shades of night,
The Sardian billows laved the rocky pale.'

So much for Monsignor Monti—now for Mr. Boyd. A gentleman by the name of 'Anancus' (from Ανάγχη, necessitas.)

'First of the gnomes is he, who wings his flight
Accompanied with airs from ancient night.
And, Hades, wafted on his murky wing,
Frore on the shivering nerves his influence falls,
His gorgon look the stoutest heart appals,
And leaves the bosom dead to honour's sting.'

Gentlemen, you have probably had enough. The poem is in the manner of Dante only inasmuch as it is full of hell, devils, 'murky stinks,' 'noisome fumes' and 'Stygian fumes.'

The notes are taken from old newspapers—and the whole closes with the 'Witch of Lapland in Imitation of Gray's Descent of Odin.' The friend of Gaul, in a very apposite and complimentary manner to the witch, takes a metaphor from her broomstick, and says,

'Give me a wind,' the Demon cried,
'To *sweep* the broad Atlantic tide.'

Then the petticoat of the witch is elegantly described:

'The crone her *crimson flag* unfurled.'

But peace to thee, spirit of Hugo!—peace to thee, witch of Lapland!

Art. 19.—*Poems suggested chiefly by Scenes in Asia Minor, Syria, &c. Embellished with two Views of the Source of the Scamander, and the Aqueduct of Simois. By the late J. D. Carlyle, B.D. F.R.S.E.* 4*to.* White. 1805.

WHEN the Earl of Elgin was sent ambassador to the Porte in 1799, it was thought desirable that his Lordship should be accompanied by some person of eminent learning, who might improve the facilities then offered by the friendly disposition of that court of ascertaining what treasures of literature were to be found in the public libraries of Constantinople. Mr. Carlyle was selected for this service without any solicitation on his part. The scenes which engaged his attention in Asia Minor and in the islands and shores of the Archipelago, suggested the subjects of the principal poems contained in this small volume. They did not receive the finishing hand

of the author, who died very soon after his return. The languor and depression of sickness interrupted his literary employments, and finally prevented the revision and correction of the present poems, which under these circumstances are offered to the candour of the public by his sister. Her duty as an editor has been performed with pious care. With sisterly affection Miss Susanna Maria Carlyle appears to have regarded this little volume as a monument of respect to her deceased brother's memory, and she has therefore decorated it with all the elegance that the press can bestow.

It is sufficient for us to observe that these poetic trifles are such as might be expected from a person, who with a cultivated mind, but without any of the fire of poetic genius, should choose to write memorandums of his travels in measured lines rather than in prose.

Until we read the tale of 'Hopus, Mopus, and Tropus,' we could not have conceived it possible for a composition to be written so exactly in the spirit of Gray's Long Story. There is humour, but we do not smile; and there is wit, but it does not make us laugh. It is a merry story related by a very grave doctor. The 'Salted Cherry,' is a salted cherry; we do not relish it.

Art. 20.—*The British Martial, or an Anthology of British Epigrams.* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* Phillips. 1805.

THE editor of this collection has prefixed a host of names of authors, from whose works he has selected the contents of two volumes, which contain 1052 epigrams, or lines with rhymes at the end, which he pleases to call by this name. He professes to have ransacked the writings of our most celebrated poets, from Prior and Pope down to Piozzi and Pye: we trace his researches also in paths of literature which he does not explicitly profess to have trodden, and to which he owes obligations which he ought particularly to have acknowledged: we allude to the Quiddities of Quintus Quoz, the Fun-box broke open, the true Air Balloon Jester, and Timothy Grig's Delight; but we cannot say that he has reaped those advantages from the labours of others, which he might have done, or that his selections are discriminate and judicious.

That the reader may be apprized how far the editor is qualified to perform the task which he has undertaken, he informs us, that a 'natural taste for *quips* and *quiddities* has led him at an early period of life to turn over all the books in ancient and modern languages, in which he was likely to find either wit, point, or humour.' This we can pardon: we can readily excuse the mistake, which most men are apt to make in estimating their particular genius: but we cannot so easily forgive a positive falsehood, because the limits between truth and error on real circumstances of fact are clearly definable, and can be at all times ascertained with precision. Every moral man before he admitted a book of this kind into his library would naturally look into the preface, to see whether, according to the professions of the editor, he might safely leave this collection to the perusal of casual curiosity; and upon reading the following

passage, he might perhaps present the book for the amusement of his children. 'I have made Martial the godfather of this my native collection by giving my bantling his name; and if I have uniformly studied to avoid his grossness and indecency, it was no part of my design, I do assure thee, to declare war against wit and humour, as far as they were strictly compatible with morals and religion, for which I not only profess, but feel a devout regard, as must be visible to thy perspicacity. I have rejected very many smart things, solely because they seemed to my sober and chastised taste to border too much on forbidden ground.' Now if indecency be forbidden ground, we do hereby declare the above assertion to be *false*. As reviewers of style and of argument we may sometimes be caught napping, but as *custodes morum librorum*, we should deem it a most foul disgrace to be found asleep on our posts.

The following epigram is placed as a FINALE at the end of the second volume:

'Those epigrams my friends commend,
That with a turn least thought-of end;
Then sure a tip-top one they'll call
This, which concludes with none at all.'

For the above we would substitute four lines, which, like Ben Jonson's reply to Silvester, if not witty, are very true:

Of epigrams full fifty score
Are printed in these volumes twain:
This half we've often read before,
And that we'll never read again.

ART. 21.—*Nelson's Tomb, a Poem. By W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq. 4to. pp. 18. Price 2s. 6d. Mawman. 1806.*

A bare list of the various productions of the Muses to honor the memory of our departed hero, would fill a very large volume: they were of course written on the spur of the moment, and are to be treated with that indulgence, which is due to extempore effusions. We must not therefore be too strict in examining such lines as those, with which this poem commences.

'Oh! did a muse of fire to me belong
Like Shakespeare's ardent, and like Dryden's strong,
I'd snatch a feather from the wing of fame,
And write immortal verse on Nelson's name.
Then should my muse obtain the poet's crown,
And share some portion of his high renown.
But since an humbler lot attends my fate
I will be natural if I can't be great!
And if the critic should refuse his praise,
The heart's applause shall consecrate my lays.'

The eight first lines are the worst in the whole poem, and we do not wonder that in the ninth and tenth, Mr. F. begins to shrink from

examination, and to deprecate the severity of criticism. As we are not fond of the smell of *burnt* feathers, Mr. F. must not be surprized, if we view the attempt of a muse of fire to make a pen with a quill from Fame's wing, '*cum naso adunco*.'

We particularly admire the two following lines:

'The flags of empires are the victor's pall,
Won from the Dane, the Spaniard, and the Gaul.'

The following lines also are good, '*mutatis mutandis*;'

'Egypt's proud pyramids, for ages found
An useless wonder on a barren ground,
Now stand the monuments of British fame,
Inscribed by glory with her Nelson's name;
These, on the tomb must rise in lofty pride,
Sea-marks of triumph! peering o'er the *tide*.

Mr. Herschell's telescope is not portable, and, if it were, we believe that the pyramids could not be seen through it from the quarter-deck of a man of war. We recollect to have seen an idea somewhat similar, but more correctly appropriate, in a song which was written on the victory at Aboukir:

Why seven mouths He gave the Nile, your wonder does it raise?
He knew the Nile must one day speak the British seaman's praise.

The distinguishing feature of Mr. F.'s poetry is energy: it is indeed oratory in verse abounding with emphatic point, and laboured antithesis. His imagination is subservient to his ear.

ART. 22.—'*On Earth Peace.*' *An Invocation to Truth, upon a desirable Event supposed to be near at hand. Second Edition. By John Duncan, D. D. Rector of South Warnborough, Hants. 8vo. pp.* 24. Cadell *and* Davies. 1805.

OUR contemporaries and our predecessors have generally concurred in bestowing due encomium on the laudable spirit which has actuated the writings of the venerable Dr. Duncan. His arguments have chiefly been employed in urging the reconciliation of christians to each other, of whatever denomination they may be; in exhorting and convincing the infidel; and in preaching both in prose and verse; throughout a long life, '*peace upon earth and good-will towards men.*' We have been delighted by finding his efforts crowned with this success at least, that he has received in several instances the tribute of praise from the pens of sectaries, widely differing from each other on doctrinal points. We trust indeed that his pious labours have met with a farther reward; and that the consciousness of a life dedicated to acts of benevolence, has already whispered to him the 'earnest of eternal peace.' We give our author's reasons for writing his '*Rhapsody*' in his own words.

'A scanty outline of the following *Rhapsody*, as it may not improperly have been styled, (though not without a plan) found its way to

the press in November 1804. It was faintly traced, at the impulse occasionally made on the mind of an old admirer of peace, particularly of the conciliatory influence of calm impartial reasoning, in opposition to the violence of controversy, religious or political. He was induced, at that distracted period, to express his genuine independent sense of the gross offences against truth, peace, and good order, notoriously current in all ranks and from almost every press at home and abroad. Some recent circumstances had just then turned his thoughts to a subject more consonant to his natural disposition. They had impressed him with a strong presentiment that the desirable event, indicated in the title-page, must of necessity be near at hand. He has had the mortification to lament the subsequent occurrences, which have thrown the accomplishment of his soothing prediction to a remoter distance.' P. 1.

Notwithstanding the reasonable pleasure we must feel in hailing these professions, and however we approve the loyal and useful tendency of the whole of Dr. Duncan's pamphlet; unwilling, moreover, as we are to exert the severity of criticism on subjects exclusively dedicated to the cause of 'moral truth,' we cannot but express a wish that the author of this second edition had been contented with the sale of the first. Such verses as the following should not have escaped the precincts of the bureau :

'Thence his goodness o'er numberless worlds we proclaim,
Thro' all change, in grace, harmony, order, the same ;
There explain'd we discern of the woes we endure,
Of our crimes, errors, wars, the permission, the cure.' P. 11.

'These the *glory to God, peace and good-will to man*,
Turn to malice, war, blasphemy, curse, all they can ;
Reason, conscience, the miscreant fanatics desert,
Holy love to unnatural hate they pervert.

'When the dastardly bullies thus blust'ring assume
In God's name to denounce of their brethren the doom,
We, afflicted thy gospel's plain tenor to see
Thus disgrac'd, turn to right-honest reason and thee.

'Man, his prime work, our Maker proclaims '*very good*,'
They, a sad foolish riddle, no more understood ;
God and man they calumniate alike. The Supreme
As defective in *word* as in *deed* they misdeem.—

'Impious ?—No—They 're but crazed. What ? if they shun the light,
Must the gospel's last glimmer be vanishing quite ?
Truth divine, thou hast sworn, that as righteous the cause,
It shall ever maintain its beneficent laws.

'Dimm'd by fits, lo ! relumed in miraculous day,
They our Maker, our Judge, Father, Saviour display.
What but good can betide us from God's holy mount ?
Be it thine, Truth, his mercies o'er all to recount.' P. 14.

We have done. From this specimen the whole 'Invocation to Truth' may be judged. We shall pass no farther sentence: and we think ridicule herself will repent, when she reads the close of the preface:

'From these superficial remarks, no pretension to the display of political sagacity must be imputed to the writer. All who know him well, will do him the justice to believe his assertion, that his purpose was of infinitely higher importance. The establishment of such fixed principles, religious and moral, as no vicissitude of outward circumstances can ever cancel or impair, as have respectably stood the severest scrutiny of every intelligent and liberal censor, has alone tempted him to resume a pen, which time admonishes him to discard. He resigns it now with this last intimation: that in delivering to oblivion what claims regard only as a sort of posthumous tract, the reader will consult his highest interest, if led piously to keep in mind the eternal truths there inculcated, which in all party controversies, have almost always unconsciously been, are still, and while man is man, will continue to be unaccountably violated.'

NOVELS.

Art. 23.—*Belville House, a Novel.* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* Chapple. 1805.

THIS novel does not keep the curiosity of the reader awake by intricate plot, or surprizing *denouement.* It is rather a collection of desultory sketches, in which there are many instances of good writing. The characters are drawn with a slight, but discriminating outline, partaking sometimes of the nature of caricature. The moral is good; because vice is punished by deep remorse, and consequent misery. Henry Dormer's visit to the place of his nativity, which he had not seen for sixteen years, is feelingly described: we could with pleasure have quoted the whole letter, but shall content ourselves with referring to it as a specimen of interesting description.—The sensations of the philomisanthropic Montford in retirement, after quitting the bustling gaiety of dissipated life, are well expressed.

'When I resided in town, my senses were in continued agitation; but of what could really be called pleasure, I experienced little. When I was at length settled, my constant feelings were those of quiet, calm content; but a susceptibility of enjoyment soon followed which I had thought the exclusive privilege of youth, and had lamented as gone for ever. To those who pass their time amidst the vortex of worldly pleasures, the delineation of my sensations can raise no idea; they have no correspondent feelings. To me existence itself became happiness: without the aid of external influence, I felt life itself a luxury:—it was neither reflections on the past, nor hopes for the future, which caused the delicious emotions I am stating. They seemed to form a part of my nature, to emanate from my being.'

This pleasure, which arises from *life itself*, has been stated by Paley. It is an idea which every reader imagines that he has seen before; but we never remember to have met with it in any other writer.

The names of 'Non Ens,' 'Junior Soph,' 'Wrangler,' &c. are very familiarly used by this author, but we will venture to assert, (and we stake our critical sagacity on the assertion) that he never was a member of the University of Cambridge: we judge from internal evidence. Could the following passage have been written by a Cantab?

'To expect the notice of a Soph or even a Junior Soph was, as yet, above my hopes. I waited, however, patiently: the hour would one day come—when I, like them, should be deeply imbrued with mathematical lore.'

It is very common to see people most exposing their ignorance where they wish to be thought particularly wise.

Our author is no friend to a pipe.

'I quietly followed Dr. Somerville to his beloved little arbour. Was it with Aristotle and Thucydides, and Xenophon, and Virgil, and Pliny he there communed?—No such thing—a pipe—a mug of excellent ale.'

Both very excellent things in our opinion; but our author is so offended with Dr. S. for sometimes quitting the pages of Aristotle to indulge in a pipe, that he determines not to be pleased with *works* which gave rise to such affectation and hypocrisy. What! are classical taste and learning incompatible with a whiff of tobacco? Certainly they are not. Among a host of smokers! we appeal to the manes of Paley, of Toup, of Milton, and of Raleigh. We appeal to the two greatest scholars of the present age, who are very *fond of a pipe*, and who regard it as the sceptre of criticism, as the purifying alembic of the brain. For ourselves—we explicitly avow, that a whiff of tobacco inspires us, as the Delphic vapour did the Pythian priestess of old; that, as she could not prophesy, we cannot criticize, till we have inhaled the miraculous fume; and that the motto of our club-room is, Ex FUMO DARE LUCEM.

ART. 24.—*Deeds of Darkness, or the Unnatural Uncle, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century, by G. T. Morley.* 2 *Vols.* Tipper.

'WATCHING with straining eyes the painted canvass her fears were at last confirmed, and, dreadful to behold, it was slid back, and a man, masked and armed, stepped softly through the aperture, followed by three others!

'The terrified and trembling Josephina could scarcely believe her eyes, and with difficulty drew her breath. The men, all of whom were masked, beckoned silence to each other, and advanced towards the bed, when our heroine, giving a faint scream, fainted. Lifting her up, they seized upon their prey, and bore her through the pannel, closing it after them, and extinguishing the lamp.'

As our fair readers must burn with impatience to learn the fate of the unhappy Josephina, we beg leave to inform them that they may safely gratify their curiosity, for (as is our bounden duty) we have taken care to ascertain that the sentiments in this tale are proper, and the moral is good.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 25.—*Remarks on the Report of M. Chaptal to the Consuls, or former Government of France, with an Examination of the Claim of M. Guyton de Morveau to the Discovery of the Power of the Mineral Acid Gazes on Contagion. In a Letter addressed to Wm. Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. &c. By James Carm. Smith, M. D. &c. pp.* 50. *8vo.* 1s. 6*d.* Callow. 1805.

THESE remarks discover a truly liberal and moderate spirit, much more honourable to the author than all the merits of his own, or Dr. Johnstone's discovery, of the means of destroying contagion This controversy, or rather demonstration of Dr. J. C. Smith, respecting Chaptal's assumption of the discovery of the means of disinfecting air, by L. B. Guyton, formerly de Morveau of Dijon, we think sufficiently decided. The facts are nearly thus, althouge Dr. Smith has either been ignorant of, or wilfully neglected them. The antiseptic power of acids having been long known to the chymists. Sir John Pringle made some attempts to apply it to medicinal purposes in 1750. Dr. Johnstone, it appears, used marine acid in 1756; from which period, the experiments of Watson, Macbride, Alexander, Priestley, and Black, tended to develope more completely the nature and influence of the acids. From Dr. Black's discoveries, about 1769, particularly that of fixed air, Morveau gleaned his *Moyens* in 1773, which he was afraid to call a discovery, lest his plagiarisms should be immediately detected. In 1780, the Academy of Sciences recommended the *precaution* proposed by Morveau of marine acid vapour: at the same period, Dr. C. Smith was making *real* experiments, not speculative verbal recommendations, at Winchester. Guyton, when chief of the Jacobins, and member of all the murdering committees, again unsuccessfully attempted to recommend his marine fumigation in 1794; and in 1795, Dr. J. C. Smith published his description of the jail distemper, recommending the use of this discovery of nitrous acid gas, as the best destroyer of contagion. This is a brief outline of the history and progress of the means of destroying contagion, which M. Chaptal, with his usual indifference to national veracity or justice, claims as a French discovery, although he well knows from whom Guyton learned the power of marine acid, and that no Frenchman ever imagined or heard of the power of nitrous acid gas, before the publication of Dr. J. C. Smith. The facts here adduced shew in the most unequivocal manner, that Dr. Johnstone was the first who applied the muriatic acid vapour to purify hospitals; and that Dr. J. C. Smith was likewise the first who discovered and used

nitrous acid vapour for the same purpose. Dr. S. asserts, that every unprejudiced chymist will readily admit that the nitrous is more practical than the muriatic acid; this is all he claims as his own discovery, and we see no reason to deny him that merit, however trifling it may be in the present state of chymical knowledge.

ART. 26.—*Reply to Dr. James Carm. Smith, containing Remarks on his Letter to Mr. Wilberforce, and a further Account of the Discovery of the Power of Mineral Acids in a State of Gas to destroy Contagion. By* John Johnstone, *M.D. pp.* 281. *8vo.* *5s.* Mawman. 1805.

DRS. Johnstone and Smith are agreed in facts, but not in words. Dr. S. admits that the father of our author discovered the utility of marine acid, and Dr. J. 'thinks the discoveries of Dr. S. more remarkable for novelty in the means, (i. e. nitrous acid) than originality in the principle.' As to the originality of principle, we cannot allow that either Dr. J. or Dr. S. have any claim to a discovery, which was long previously made by the chymists, whose labours our disputants affect to be ignorant of, and to despise, although both are unquestionably indebted to them for the principles of their respective discoveries.

ART. 27.—*A Treatise on the Chymical History and Medical Powers of some of the most celebrated Mineral Waters; with practical Remarks on the Aqueous Regimen and Observations on the Use of Cold and Warm Bathing. By Wm. Saunders, M. D. F. R. S. and S. A. &c. Second Edition, enlarged. pp.* 570. *8vo.* Phillips *and* Fardon. 1805.

IN the Critical Review for October, 1801, there is an account of the first edition of this work, which is now considerably improved, with the addition of 'a chymical account of the chalybeate spring near Brighton, by Dr. Marcet.' We are not surprized that the good sense and practical knowledge displayed in the original volume, should have accelerated the demand for a new edition; and we rejoice in the reappearance of a work that so well combats the modern spirit of quackery, whether it be dressed in the garb of literary dissertations on particular cases, or adopt the system of posting bills in the streets. Dr. S. has stripped all our fashionable watering-places of their magical curative powers, to place them on the basis of reason and experience; and his observations tend to prove that, notwithstanding all that has been said and written by interested individuals, the cures performed at these places are more owing to the change of air, of habits, copious draughts of water, and medical temperance, than to the peculiar medicinal qualities of the waters.

It is too hastily concluded that 'the composition of water has very little concern with the chymical knowledge of mineral waters.'

We ought not to suppose from our apparent success in analyzing these waters, that the fluid produced by the chemical union of hydrogen and oxygen is merely a menstruum, in which all the other substances are but mechanically suspended. It is well known that there are tertiary as well as binary compounds, and that considering the slow and gradual process of nature, compared with the rapid one of our laboratories, we may presume that there frequently exists a chemical union between more substances than oxygen and hydrogen, in many of our natural mineral waters. To prove this fact by experiments, would lead us beyond our present limits; and we can only observe that the agency of water, in various processes of nature, must remain inexplicable, upon the supposition that its capacity is no greater than that of a simple menstruum. Chymists and even physicians have also relied too implicitly on the supposed power of chymical affinities, subjected to the action of living organized matter. We know scarcely any thing of the efficient cause of animalization, or how vegetable is converted into animal matter by any fancied means of chymical affinity in the animal economy. The chymical pathology is perhaps no less injurious to the progress of the healing art, than the humoral was to philosophical observation. The minute and accurate attention to the effects of medicines, and the changes they produce in the living animal, has rendered the knowledge of English physicians an object of grateful admiration throughout the christian world; a circumstance which ought still more to stimulate their exertions in this department.

We regret that we cannot extract some of Dr. Marcet's very original experiments on the water of the 'chalybeate spring near Brighton, commonly called *The Wick.*' His application of succinat of ammonia, as a test to precipitate alumine from magnesia, will doubtless be found a very useful expedient in a delicate analysis, and is evidently much more convenient than boiling with potash. From the general result of Dr. M.'s numerous and apparently very accurate experiments, we learn that a pint of the Brighton chalybeate water contains $2\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches, or $\frac{1}{13}$th part of its volume, of carbonic acid gas, and 8.5 grains of a solid residue dried at the temperature of 160°. Of this residue 1.80 grains are sulphat of iron (equal to 3 grains of crystallized green sulphat;) 4.09 sulphat of lime; 1.53 muriat of soda; 0.75 muriat of magnesia; 0.14 siliceous earth; and 0.19 loss. The temperature of this spring was at 54° when the thermometer stood in the air at 68°, and it is never known to freeze. Its specific gravity is 1001.08. The Wick water, when quite fresh, has a peculiar faint smell, not uncommon in ferruginous waters, and a strong, though not unpleasant chalybeate taste. Its spontaneous decomposition, even at the end of two months, only amounted to the slight deposition of a yellow sediment, and a diminution of its peculiar taste and smell. It appears that this, in common with most mineral waters, produces some degree of nausea and a sense of weight in the stomach, when taken cold; but if drunk moderately warm, no such effects take place. This is a somewhat

singular and important circumstance, as its analysis shews that it may be heated a little without losing any of its properties, provided it be done quickly, and in vessels which expose but a small surface to the action of the atmosphere.

On the general merit of this volume, it must be observed, that had Dr. Saunders, or his friend Mr. C. R. Aikin, subjoined an original analysis of the different waters, (at least of those in Great Britain,) to the accounts published by writers, many of whom lived long prior to the adoption of the delicate agency of tests and more accurate process of pneumatic chymistry, the work would have been of much greater importance to the speculative chymists, and certainly not less interesting to the practical physician. But the mere collection of incoherent experiments made by different experimentalists, and with very dissimilar apparatus, is too much in the modern encyclopedian style, not to merit the severest reprehension of candid criticism.

ART. 28.—*A Treatise on the constructing and copying all Kinds of Maps. By Thomas Dix. 8vo. 3s.* Scatcherd. 1805.

A CLEAR and easy introduction to the art of mapping. In the stereographic projection of the sphere on the plain of a meridian, the meridional arcs are treated as circular, and the length of their respective radii are calculated from three points in them. But might they not be represented as they really are, namely semi-ellipses? and might not these be described by stretching a loose thread round two pins, fixed in the proper foci calculated from the proportion between the major and minor axes?

ART. 29.—*Fables Ancient and Modern, adapted for the Use of Children from Three to Eight Years of Age. Adorned with Thirty-Six Copper-Plates. By Edward Baldwin, Esq. 2 vols. small 8vo.* Hodgkins. 1805.

FABLES have been long considered as the happiest vehicle which could be devised for the instruction of children in the first period of their education. The stories are short; a simple and familiar turn of incident runs through them; and the medium of instruction they employ are animals, some of the first objects with which the eyes and the curiosity of children are conversant. Yet these advantages are too often defeated by the manner in which fables are written.

In those before us, Mr. Baldwin uniformly represents himself as relating the several stories to a child, and expressed them in such language as he should have employed, when he wished to amuse the child and arrest his attention to the subject on which he was talking.

Those who have carefully applied themselves to the important task of education, will be aware that it is no easy matter to render the path to knowledge smooth and delightful, and to clothe their ideas in such an agreeable dress, as is proper to strike the minds of youth, and will be very ready to make favourable allowances, when Mr. Baldwin fails in his intention, which indeed he rarely does.

Art. 30.—*Etymological Exercises on the Latin Grammar, in Two Parts. By the Rev. William Johns.* 12*mo.* Longman. 1805.

THIS little book was a desideratum in school-teaching, and may be considered as taking much trouble from the master, and facilitating the improvement of the scholar. It were, however, much to be wished that in a future edition Mr. Johns would give the Latin words at the bottom of the page, as we think dictionaries are seldom given into the hands of scholars so young as those for whose use this work is designed.

Art. 31.—*An Arithmetic Dialogue between a Master and his Pupil, &c. By W. Butterman.* 12*mo.* Bingham. 1805.

WE see no material improvement in Mr. Butterman's Dialogues above other elementary books of arithmetic, unless it be in the article entitled, 'Purchasing funded property,' which is useful and clear. We were surprised to find no multiplication-table.

Art. 32.—*The Circle of the Sciences, consecrated by the Cross, &c.* 12*mo.* Williams. 1805.

THE religious application of science must ever be approved, and a little school-book pointing out the marks of design in the most familiar appearances of nature, is, we think, a desideratum. But to execute this judiciously, and with a freedom from all *cant*, requires a certain little supernumerary science, which has been rightly called 'fairly worth the seven.' It is assuredly desirable that our physical studies be attended with a due regard to the truths of Revelation; but the immediate and direct end of them is to impress the mind with a belief of the existence of one Supreme Intelligence. When once a habit is formed of attending to the marks of design around us, and of inferring from thence the necessity of a designing mind, to use the words of Cowley,

Like Moses, we may then espy
In every bush the radiant Deity.